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NO. 7 CRAVEN STREET

"MY DEAR GIRL"

*The Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin
with Polly Stevenson, Georgiana
and Catherine Shipley.*

BY

JAMES MADISON STIFLER



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"MY DEAR GIRL"

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INTRODUCTION

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was so entirely human, which means so many-sided, that the best one can do is to observe him piecemeal. He himself would have smiled broadly at such a suggestion. Few men have seen themselves sized up from the extreme of favor and disfavor with so little emotion as he did.

In spite of the fact that he wrote an autobiography, it is evident that he did not try to appraise himself or his life. That sort of introspection was quite foreign to him. The autobiography was never finished. His notes for the incompleted portion give no hint that if he had completed it there would have been any moralizing at the conclusion.

But why do we have to appraise him completely? Why not have the pleasure of a more leisurely acquaintance? There are ten big volumes of his letters and writings and probably enough recently discovered unpublished material to make an eleventh.

His letters are better than any estimate and give a very different impression from his unfinished autobiography. They show a most delightful capacity for friendship. Franklin never became old. He never lost his interest in young people, in new things, in simple social pleasures. He had a veritable gift for making fun and brightening the passing moment with intelligent nonsense. He

B. Franklin

could be desperately in earnest but was never ponderous.

There was in America at the time of the Revolution no other man who carried so many honorary degrees and was a member of so many learned societies, European and American. He had degrees from Yale, Harvard, William and Mary, Oxford, and St. Andrews. He was a member of more than twenty of the civilized world's learned societies. The list is staggering. It includes the Royal Society of London, the French Academy of Sciences, and similar organizations in Spain, Italy, Holland and one in Russia—the Imperial Academy of Science.

[Kings were no novelty to him.] He had stood before five and sat at table with one. With the ways of the English Parliament, both Commons and Lords, he was all too familiar. Times without number he was the welcomed guest at the homes of titled nobility in England and France.

Though born [the son of a tallow candle] in Colonial surroundings, Franklin unquestionably came to know how to enter an Old World salon or handle crested silverware more easily than almost any one in America. Yet one cannot imagine for a moment that he was in the least puffed up by all that came to him.

While he enjoyed social life, he seems to have remained to the very end totally untouched by social aspirations or affectation of any kind. In fact he appears rather to have gloried in the democracy of the Colonies from which he came and the simplicity of their manners and life.

His friends came from no limited sphere of

society. Some he made for the sake of his cause and country, the rest high and low because they interested him; to many of his friends he was drawn by the ties of simple affection, for he was an affectionate man.

The present collection of his letters is made for no other purpose than to reveal this side of his character. His capacity for lively and enduring friendship was a large part of the power that made him a tower of strength for the American Colonies. Men in office liked him and saw America through his eyes and favored his cause.

Franklin was a domestic and family man. Though his health was fairly good he had during the fifteen years in England and nine in France several severe illnesses. One does not like to picture what course affairs might have taken if he had not been surrounded with more than ordinary sympathetic care. Mrs. Margaret Stevenson's motherly care of him in London played an important part in the cause of American liberty. In France he had two grandsons in particular and the French nation in general to see that he was well cared for.

His friendships were not calculating. He was not a schemer though he was shrewd.

The two groups of letters that follow are genuine pointers to his personality. Polly Stevenson was an interesting girl and grew to be a fine woman. A calculating man would never have expended so much time on her. They were friends.

The Shipley family were in a somewhat different position. Jonathan Shipley was a Bishop with a seat in the House of Lords. He was in addition

an able and influential man. He was in a position to help the cause of the Colonies, and was disposed to do so. This was what probably drew Franklin to him at first. The friendship that grew out of it was spontaneous and far outlasted the mutual interest that began it.

Most of these letters have been published somewhere. It has been a delight to gather them from all corners and see the story grow. But quite a number of them are printed now for the first time. Nearly half of the Shipley section are from the original unpublished documents.

I am greatly indebted to the generosity and assistance given me by the American Philosophical Society and the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. The collection would have been quite impossible without the guidance of Mr. W. S. Mason, who directed me to unusual resources of both published and unpublished material.

Two others whose assistance and counsel have been invaluable are Mr. Georg Edward, and my secretary, Miss Lorraine Barbour.

It seemed wiser to all of us to leave out the old fashioned punctuation and capitalization. Franklin used to capitalize nearly every noun. Paper was valuable and they wasted very little of it in paragraphing. Other than this we have taken no liberties with the original letters. In order to make the correspondence tell its true story it was necessary, of course, to fill in the background with the sketch of the momentous events in which some of these friendly correspondents played so great a part.

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CHAPTER I

DR. FRANKLIN COMES TO CRAVEN STREET

CHAPTER I

DR. FRANKLIN COMES TO CRAVEN STREET

Interested visitors are taken to see a small house that still stands in Craven Street, London. Its number to-day is 36, but in 1757 it was Number 7. There lived here at this date Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, a widow with one daughter, Mary, or Polly by the familiar English nickname.

Sometime in July of that year mutual friends brought to Mrs. Stevenson a Colonial agent named Benjamin Franklin, who was in search of a place to live while he must reside in London for an indefinite time. Shortly afterward Mr. Franklin was settled at No. 7 Craven Street. It turned out to be a fortunate thing. Excepting the interval from August 1762 to December 1764 when he was in Philadelphia, he lived at that address for fifteen years.

Franklin brought with him his son William, a young man of about twenty-seven, a servant for himself and a negro attendant for William. The son at once entered the Middle Temple to fit himself for the practice of the Law. Franklin set about his business as agent for the Province of Pennsylvania. William Penn was dead. His two sons, Richard and Thomas, were not like their father. They were absentee landlords and had developed a quarrel over the taxation of the Penn

private estates in the growing province. They did not want to pay any taxes. The Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania was not inclined to pay soldiers to defend the Penn estates from Indians unless the owners shared the expense. Both sides were unyielding, hence the presence of the Colonial Agent in England.

The business arrangement between Franklin and Mrs. Stevenson soon became cemented by a friendship that endured to the end of the good lady's life and was continued by her daughter who long years afterward was to sit beside Franklin's death bed in Philadelphia.

When Franklin first came to No. 7 Craven Street Polly Stevenson was nineteen years old. The girl did not live much of the time at her mother's house. There was an aunt, Mrs. Tickell, whose home was eight or ten miles out from London at Wanstead in Essex. Polly lived most of the time with this aunt. It appears from the correspondence that there was an understanding in the family that in return for this companionship, the niece was to inherit her aunt's estate.

Mrs. Stevenson's paying guest, at the time he came under her hospitable roof, was fifty-one years old. Though a Colonial, he was a long way from being unknown in England. All Europe knew him for his discoveries in electricity and other fields of what was called Philosophy. Craven was then a fairly fashionable residence street, but without a doubt more great folks now stopped at Number 7 than ever before in Mrs. Stevenson's knowledge. Peter Collinson and several other members

of the Royal Society were among the first and days were coming when the carriages of Bishops and even Cabinet Ministers stood there.

Polly was no ordinary girl, her letters will show that. She was clever enough to realize that she had a great opportunity in the acquaintance with such a man as her mother's lodger. We can imagine that she cultivated him a little and found that he was sociable and pleasant. Then there was the son, William. It is quite evident that in the earlier stages of the life in Craven Street, Franklin at least, hoped that a match might be made between his son and Mrs. Stevenson's daughter. It never came off. Let us blame it on William. He did not deserve her, anyhow.

In the earlier days the correspondence is personal, paternal and domestic. In about two or three years comes the period when Franklin is the teacher and Polly the pupil. If William had been sensible enough to have appreciated Polly we would never have had these delightful letters of mingled science and friendship. We are indebted to William's dullness. This gradually melts into a period when Polly is the sweetheart, the bride and the young matron, Mrs. Hewson, and Franklin the indulgent Godfather to her children. Later he was the sympathetic counselor in her widowhood. Then comes the big break and the period when their respective countries are at war. Franklin is in France as Minister Plenipotentiary for America and Polly in England, a widow with three children, but the correspondence keeps up. The interchange of letters closes in 1786 when Mrs. Hewson

follows her celebrated friend to Philadelphia where they are neighbors for the last two years of Franklin's life.

Tunbridge Wells, 20 August, 1758.

Dear Polly,

My son I know intended writing to you this morning, so as to send by this day's post; but sundry unexpected hindrances have prevented him, as well as me. He is gone to dine abroad, and I doubt will hardly be able to disengage himself before the post goes. Therefore as well as to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of the 18th, I snatch a moment from company, and write this line to let you know, that we are well, and that you will hear from us both by Tuesday's post. Till then I shall only say, that I find myself, with greater esteem and regard than ever, dear child,

Your firmly affectionate

Friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Craven Street, Friday, May 4, 1759.

My Dear Child,

Hearing that you was in the park last Sunday, I hop'd for the pleasure of seeing you yesterday at the Oratorio in the Foundling Hospital; but, tho' I look'd with all the eyes I had, not excepting even those I carry in my pocket I could not find you; and this morning your good mama, has receiv'd a line from you, by which we learn that you are return'd to Wanstead.

It is long since you heard from me, tho' not a

day passes in which I do not think of you with the same affectionate regard and esteem I ever had for you. My not writing is partly owing to an inexcusable indolence, which I find grows upon me as I grow in years, and partly to an expectation I have had, from week to week, of making a little journey into Essex; in which I intended to call at Wanstead, and promis'd myself the pleasure of seeing you there. I have now fix'd this day se'n-night for that journey, and purpose to take Mrs. Stevenson out with me, leave her with you till the next day, and call for her on Saturday in my return. Let me know by a line if you think any thing may make such a visit from us at that time improper or inconvenient. Present my sincere respects to Mrs. Tickell, and believe me ever, dear Polly, your truly affectionate friend and humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. We have company that dine with us to-day, and your careful mama, being busied about many things, cannot write. Will did not see you in the Park. Mr. Hunter and his sister are both gone. God prosper their voyage. My compliments to Miss Pitt.

14 February, 1760.

I see I must overcome the indolence so natural to old men, and write now and then to my dear good girl, or I shall seldom have the pleasure of a line from her; and indeed it is scarce reasonable in me to expect it.

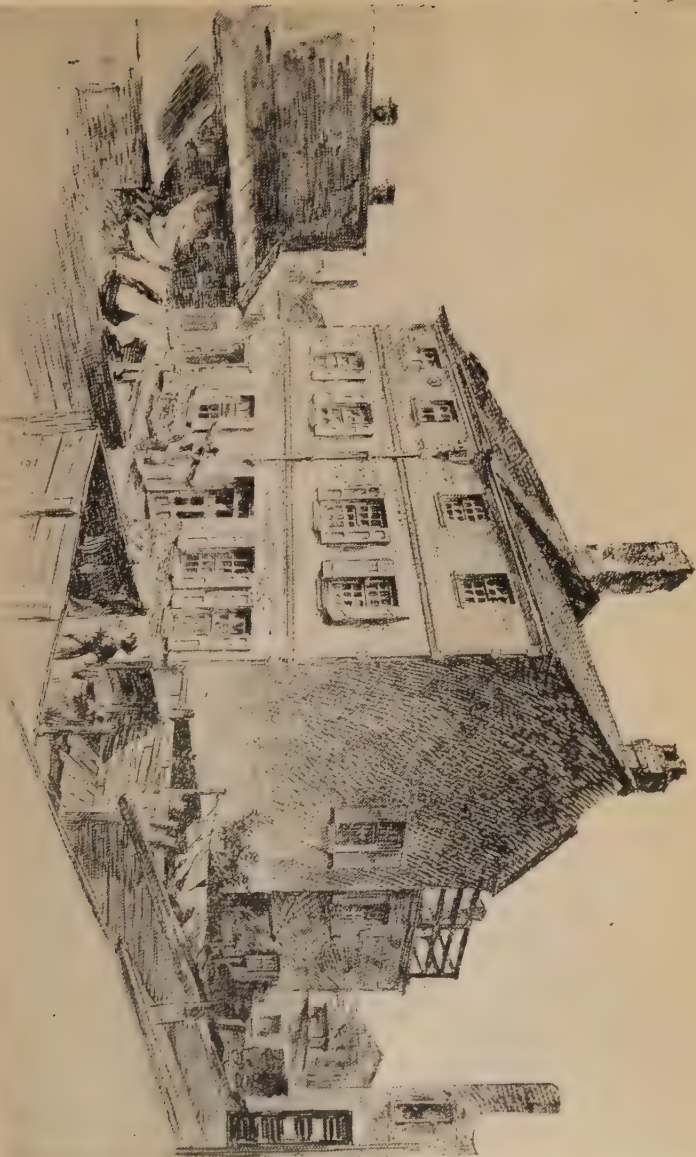
I received your kind congratulations, on occasion of the new year; and though you had not mine in writing, be assured that I did and do daily wish you every kind of happiness, and of the longest continuance.

Your good mamma will have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you to-day. I should be extremely glad to partake of that pleasure, by accompanying her to Wanstead, but business will not permit.

Present my respectful compliments to the good ladies, your aunts, and believe me to be, with the sincerest esteem and regard, dear Polly,

Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.



CHAPTER II
THE LESSONS BEGIN

CHAPTER II

THE LESSONS BEGIN

The Stevensons were not an important family, in any way that would give them place in available records, so we do not know what sort of education Polly had.

Whatever her formal schooling may or may not have been, she shows that she had a good, clear mind. Even better than that for our purpose, she had a fine, free, lucid style in writing. Her English is almost as good as Franklin's own, and her sense of humor is never far under the surface of her conventional dignity in addressing an older person.

If she had not been quite sure of his affectionate regard for her, she would never have ventured to make the suggestion that is so clearly implied in Dr. Franklin's next letter. Even with that certainty she shows a delightful youthful boldness. She evidently asked him if he would not guide her in a course of study in the natural sciences. That he was no ordinary philosopher, Polly must have known very well. A little more than a year after he arrived at Craven Street, he had received an honorary degree from the University of Edinburgh and before he left in 1762 was given another by Oxford University. Such honors to a man who had no regular schooling after he was eleven years old was most significant.

And Polly had the courage to ask him to be her tutor and he had the generosity of heart to accept the office. It turned out most happily all around. They each acquired a friend, which is a delightful consummation for learning.

Craven Street, May 1, 1760.

I embrace, most gladly, my dear friend's proposal of a subject for our future correspondence; not only as it will occasion my hearing from her more frequently, but as it will lay me under a necessity of improving my own knowledge, that I may be better able to assist in her improvement. I only fear my necessary business and journeys, with the natural indolence of an old man, will make me too unpunctual a correspondent. For this I must hope some indulgence. But why will you, by the cultivation of your mind, make yourself still more amiable, and a more desirable companion for a man of understanding, when you are determin'd, as I hear, to live single? If we enter, as you propose into moral as well as natural philosophy, I fancy, when I have fully establish'd my authority as a tutor, I shall take upon me to lecture you a little on that chapter of duty.

But to be serious. Our easiest method of proceeding I think will be, for you to read some books that I may recommend to you; and, in the course of your reading, whatever occurs, that you do not thoroughly apprehend, or that you clearly conceive and find pleasure in, may occasion either some questions for further information, or some observations that show how far you are satisfy'd and

pleas'd with your author. These will furnish matter for your letters to me, and, in consequence of mine also to you.

Let me know, then, what books you have already perus'd on the subject intended, that I may the better judge what to advise for your next reading. And believe me ever, my dear good girl, your affectionate friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Craven Street, May 17, 1760.

I send my good girl the books I mention'd to her last night. I beg her to accept them as a small mark of my esteem and friendship. They are written in the familiar, easy manner, for which the French are so remarkable; and afford a good deal of philosophic and practical knowledge, unembarras'd with the dry mathematics us'd by more exact reasoners, but which is apt to discourage young beginners.

I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And, as many of the terms of science are such as you cannot have met with in your common reading and may therefore be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immedi-

ately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but 'tis a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasions for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the mean time you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding.

When any point occurs, in which you would be glad to have farther information than your book affords you, I beg you would not in the least apprehend, that I should think it a trouble to receive and answer your questions. It will be a pleasure, and no trouble. For tho' I may not be able, out of my own little stock of knowledge, to afford you what you require, I can easily direct you to the books, where it may most readily be found. Adieu, and believe me ever, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Craven Street, June 11, 1760.

Dear Polly,

'Tis a very sensible question you ask, how the air can affect the barometer, when its opening appears covered with wood? If indeed it was so closely covered as to admit of no communication of the outward air to the surface of the mercury, the change of weight in the air could not possibly affect it. But the least crevice is sufficient for the purpose; a pinhole will do the business. And if you could look behind the frame to which your

barometer is fixed, you would certainly find some small opening.

There are indeed some barometers in which the body of mercury at the lower end is contain'd in a close leather bag, and so the air cannot come into immediate contact with the mercury; yet the same effect is produc'd. For, the leather being flexible, when the bag is press'd by any additional weight of air, it contracts, and the mercury is forced up into the tube; when the air becomes lighter, and its pressure less, the weight of the mercury prevails, and it descends again into the bag.

Your observation on what you have lately read concerning insects is very just and solid. Superficial minds are apt to despise those who make that part of the creation their study, as mere triflers, but certainly the world has been much oblig'd to them. Under the care and management of man, the labours of the little silkworm afford employment and subsistence to thousands of families, and become an immense article of commerce. The bee, too, yields us its delicious honey, and its wax useful to a multitude of purposes. Another insect, it is said, produces the cochineal, from whence we have our rich scarlet dye. The usefulness of the cantharides, or Spanish flies, in medicine, is known to all, and thousands owe their lives to that knowledge. By human industry and observation, other properties of other insects may possibly be hereafter discovered, and of equal utility. A thorough acquaintance with the nature of these little creatures may also enable mankind to prevent the increase of such as are noxious, or secure us against

the mischiefs they occasion. These things doubtless your books make mention of: I can only add a particular late instance which I had from a Swedish gentleman of good credit. In the green timber, intended for ship-building at the King's Yards in that country, a kind of worms were found, which every year became more numerous and more pernicious, so that the ships were greatly damag'd before they came into use. The King sent Linnæus, the great naturalist, from Stockholm, to enquire into the affair, and see if the mischief was capable of any remedy. He found, on examination, that the worm was produced from a small egg, deposited in the little roughnesses on the surface of the wood, by a particular kind of fly or beetle; from whence the worm, as soon as it was hatched, began to eat into the substance of the wood, and after some time came out again a fly of the parent kind, and so the species increased. The season in which this fly laid its eggs, Linnæus knew to be about a fortnight (I think) in the month of May, and at no other time of the year. He therefore advis'd, that, some days before that season, all the green timber should be thrown into the water, and kept under water till the season was over. Which being done by the King's order, the flies missing their usual nests, could not increase; and the species was either destroy'd or went elsewhere; and the wood was effectually preserved; for, after the first year, it became too dry and hard for their purpose.

There is, however, a prudent moderation to be used in studies of this kind. The knowledge of

nature may be ornamental, and it may be useful; but if, to attain an eminence in that, we neglect the knowledge and practice of essential duties, we deserve reprehension. For there is no rank in natural knowledge of equal dignity and importance with that of being a good parent, a good child, a good husband or wife, a good neighbour or friend, a good subject or citizen, that is, in short, a good Christian. Nicholas Gimcrack, therefore, who neglected the care of his family, to pursue butterflies, was a just object of ridicule, and we must give him up as fair game to the satyrist.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

London, Sept. 13, 1760.

My Dear Friend,

I have your agreeable letter from Bristol, which I take this first leisure hour to answer, having for some time been much engag'd in business.

Your first question, What is the reason the water at this place, tho' cold at the spring, becomes warm by pumping? it will be most prudent in me to forbear attempting to answer, till, by a more circumstantial account, you assure me of the fact. I own I should expect that operation to warm, not so much the water pump'd, as the person pumping. The rubbing of dry solids together has been long observ'd to produce heat; but the like effect has never yet, that I have heard, been produc'd by the mere agitation of fluids, or friction of fluids with solids. Water in a bottle, shook for hours by a

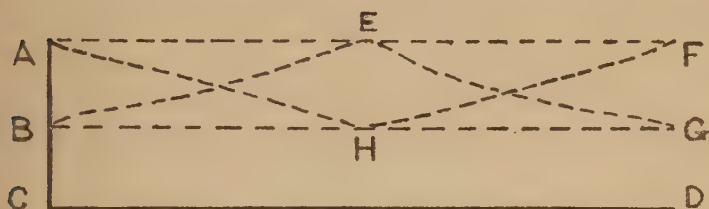
mill-hopper, it is said, discover'd no sensible addition of heat. The production of animal heat by exercise is therefore to be accounted for in another manner, which I may hereafter endeavor to make you acquainted with.

This prudence of not attempting to give reasons before one is sure of facts, I learned from one of your sex, who, as Selden tells us, being in company with some gentlemen that were viewing and considering something which they call'd a Chinese shoe, and disputing earnestly about the manner of wearing it, and how it could possibly be put on; put in her word, and said modestly, Gentlemen, are you sure it is a shoe? Should not that be settled first?

But I shall now endeavor to explain what I said to you about the tide in rivers, and to that end shall make a figure, which, tho' not very like a river, may serve to convey my meaning. Suppose a canal 140 miles long, communicating at one end with the sea, and fill'd therefore with sea water. I chuse a canal at first, rather than a river, to throw out of consideration the effects produced by streams of fresh water from the land, the inequality in breadth, and the crookedness of courses.

Let A, C, be the head of the canal; C, D, the bottom of it; D, F, the open mouth of it, next the sea. Let the strait prick'd line, B, G, represent low-water mark, the whole length of the canal. A, F, high-water mark: Now if a person, standing at E, and observing, at the time of high water there, that the canal is quite full at that place up to the line E, should conclude that the canal is

equally full to the same height from end to end, and therefore there was as much more water come into the canal since it was down at low-water mark, as would be included in the oblong space A, B, G, F, he would be greatly mistaken. For the tide is a *wave*, and the top of the wave, which makes high water, as well as every other lower part, is progressive; and it is high water successively, but not at the same time, in all the several



points between G, F, and A, B. And in such a length as I have mention'd, it is low water at F, G, and also at A, B, at or near the same time with its being high water at E; so that the surface of the water in the canal, during that situation, is properly represented by the curve prick'd line, B, E, G. And on the other hand, when it is low water at E, H, it is high water both at F, G, and at A, B, at or near the same time; and the surface would then be describ'd by the inverted curve line, A, H, F.

In this view of the case, you will easily see, that there must be very little more water in the canal at what we call high water, than there is at low water, those terms not relating to the whole canal at the same time, but successively to its parts. And, if you suppose the canal six times as long, the

case would not vary as to the quantity of water at different times of the tide; there would only be six waves in the canal at the same time, instead of one, and the hollows in the water would be equal to the hills.

That this is not mere theory, but conformable to fact, we know by our long rivers in America. The Delaware, on which Philadelphia stands, is in this particular similar to the canal I have supposed of one wave; for, when it is high water at the Capes or mouth of the river, it is also high water at Philadelphia, which stands about 140 miles from the sea; and there is at the same time a low water in the middle between the two high waters; where, when it comes to be high water, it is at the same time low water at the Capes and at Philadelphia. And the longer rivers have some a wave and half, some two, three, or four waves, according to their length. In the shorter rivers of this island, one may see the same thing in part; for instance, it is high water at Gravesend an hour before it is high water at London Bridge; and 20 miles below Gravesend an hour before it is high water at Gravesend. Therefore at the time of high water at Gravesend the top of the wave is there, and the water is then not so high by some feet where the top of the wave was an hour before, or where it will be an hour after, as it is just then at Gravesend.

Now we are not to suppose that because the swell or top of the wave runs at the rate of 20 miles an hour, that therefore the current, or water itself of which the wave is compos'd, runs at that rate.

Far from it. To conceive this motion of a wave, make a small experiment or two. Fasten one end of a cord in a window near the top of a house, and let the other end come down to the ground; take this end in your hand, and you may, by a sudden motion, occasion a wave in the cord that will run quite up to the window; but tho' the wave is progressive from your hand to the window, the parts of the rope do not proceed with the wave, but remain where they were, except only that kind of motion produces the wave. So if you throw a stone into a pond of water when the surface is still and smooth, you will see a circular wave proceed from the stone as its centre, quite to the sides of the pond; but the water does not proceed with the wave, it only rises and falls to form it in the different parts of its course; and the waves that follow the first, all make use of the same water with their predecessors.

But a wave in water is not indeed in all circumstances exactly like that in a cord; for, water being a fluid, and gravitating to the earth, it naturally runs from a higher place to a lower; therefore the parts of the wave in water do actually run a little both ways from its top towards its lower sides, which the parts of the wave in the cord cannot do. Thus, when it is high and standing water at Gravesend, the water 20 miles below has been running ebb, or towards the sea for an hour, or ever since it was high water there; but the water at London Bridge will run flood, or from the sea yet another hour, till it is high water or the top of the wave arrives at that Bridge, and then it will have

run ebb an hour at Gravesend, &c. &c. Now this motion of the water, occasion'd only by its gravity, or tendency to run from a higher place to a lower, is by no means so swift as the motion of the wave. It scarce exceeds perhaps two miles in an hour.

If it went, as the wave does, 20 miles an hour, no ships could ride at anchor in such a stream, nor boats row against it.

In common speech, indeed, this current of the water both ways from the top of the wave is called *the Tide*; thus we say, *the Tide runs strong, the Tide runs at the rate of 1, 2, or 3 miles an hour, &c.* and, when we are at a part of the river behind the top of the wave, and find the water lower than high-water mark, and running towards the sea, we say, *the tide runs ebb*; and, when we are before the top of the wave, and find the water higher than low-water mark, and running from the sea, we say, *the tide runs flood*; but these expressions are only locally proper; for a tide, strictly speaking, is *one whole wave*, including all its parts higher and lower, and these waves succeed one another about twice in twenty-four hours.

This motion of the water, occasion'd by its gravity, will explain to you why the water near the mouth of rivers may be saltier at high water than at low. Some of the salt water, as the tide wave enters the river, runs from its top and fore side, and mixes with the fresh, and also pushes it back up the river.

Supposing that the water commonly runs during the flood at the rate of two miles in an hour, and that the flood runs 5 hours, you see that it can bring

at most into our canal only a quantity of water equal to the space included in the breadth of the canal, ten miles of its length, and the depth between low and high-water mark: Which is but a fourteenth part of what would be necessary to fill all the space between low and high-water mark for 140 miles, the whole length of the canal.

And indeed such a quantity of water as would fill that whole space, to run in and out every tide, must create so outrageous a current, as would do infinite damage to the shores, shipping, &c., and make the navigation of a river almost impracticable.

I have made this letter longer than I intended, and therefore reserve for another what I have farther to say on the subject of tides and rivers. I shall now only add, that I have not been exact in the numbers, because I would avoid perplexing you with minute calculations, my design at present being chiefly to give you distinct and clear ideas of the first principles.

After writing 6 folio pages of philosophy to a young girl, is it necessary to finish such a letter with a compliment? Is not such a letter of itself a compliment? Does it not say, she has a mind thirsty after knowledge, and capable of receiving it; and that the most agreeable things one can write to her are those that tend to the improvement of her understanding? It does indeed say all this, but then it is still no compliment; it is no more than plain honest truth, which is not the character of a compliment. So if I would finish my letter in the *mode*, I should yet add something that means noth-

ing, and is *merely* civil and polite. But, being naturally awkward at every circumstance of ceremony, I shall not attempt it. I had rather conclude abruptly with what pleases me more than any compliment can please you, that I am allow'd to subscribe myself

Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

The grudging hands of time have so far concealed from us nearly all of Polly's letters of this earlier period. But if we could have picked the ones we most wanted, we should certainly have chosen this next one among them.

Even if the correspondence did mean some drain on the American philosopher's time, Polly was worth it. Quite likely Dr. Franklin was thoroughly aware of it. It would have been an exceedingly dull man, which Franklin never was, not to have responded to the keen sparkle of this young woman's letters. All his life Franklin liked good company and clever conversation. He warmed up and uncovered the most delightful aspects of his amazing versatility under just such stimulus. Polly Stevenson gave it to him. It is a wordy and complicated style that they used in paying compliments, but the fun is all there, and the meaning never veiled or obscure.

Draycot, England, Sept. 16, 1760.

My dear Sir,

Such a letter is indeed the highest compliment. What you concluded it with I should think too far

strained to be sincere, if I did not flatter myself it proceeded from the warmth of your affection, which makes you see merit in me that I do not possess. It would be too great vanity to think I deserve the encomiums you give me, and it would be ingratitude to doubt your sincerity. Continue, my indulgent friend, your favourable opinion of me, and I will endeavour to be what you imagine me.

I implore your pardon, dear sir, for asking you the reason before I could assure you of the fact. I promise never again to abuse the liberty you grant me in such a manner. For tho' my chief aim is attain'd when I can procure a letter from you, I will be careful to avoid impertinence, lest you should at last be wearied with it, and no longer regard me. I confess it was not from my own observation the water at Bristol, tho' cold at the spring, became warm by pumping: I had only heard that it was so. If it is a fact that the water is warmer after they have pumped for some time, I should account for it in this manner: the water, I imagine, springs warm, but being kept long in the well grows cold; after they have pumped some time, the water which was in the well is exhausted, and what they then pump is fresh from the spring. This, I apprehend, may be the cause of the water's being warmer after they have drawn a great quantity. It is, I own, great assurance in me to say so much, but I hope it will not offend my dear and honoured friend.

The familiar, agreeable manner in which you deliver instruction renders it easy and pleasant, but you must bear patiently with me if I do not

always comprehend things as clearly as might be expected. I still conceive that the rising of the tides in rivers is not owing to the immediate influence of the moon on them, but produced from the effect it has upon the sea, which is communicated to them in a weaker degree. But I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, or, if I cannot have that happiness, I shall take an opportunity of writing to you again; therefore I will not add to the length of this letter. I could not forbear returning my earliest thanks for the charming letter I received yesterday; and am always ready to lay hold of the privilege you give me of subscribing myself (tho' I acknowledge it is too presumptuous),

Your sincerely affectionate friend,
M. STEVENSON.

Craven Street, Monday, March 30, 1761.

My dear Friend,

Supposing the fact, that the water of the well at Bristol is warmer after some time pumping, I think your manner of accounting for that increas'd warmth very ingenious and probable. It did not occur to me, and therefore I doubted of the fact.

You are, I think, quite right in your opinion, that the rising of the tides in rivers is not owing to the immediate influence of the moon on the rivers. It is rather a subsequent effect of the influence of the moon on the sea, and does not make its appearance in some rivers till the moon has long pass'd by. I have not express'd myself clearly, if you have understood me to mean other-

wise. You know I have mention'd as a fact, that there are in some rivers several tides all existing at the same time; that is, two, three, or more high-waters, and as many low-waters, in different parts of the same river, which cannot possibly be all effects of the moon's immediate action on that river; but they may be subsequent effects of her action on the sea.

In the enclos'd paper you will find my sentiments on several points relating to the air, and the evaporation of water. It is Mr. Collinson's copy, who took it from one I sent thro' his hands to a correspondent in France some years since; I have, as he desired me, corrected the mistakes he made in transcribing, and must return it to him; but if you think it worth while, you may take a copy of it. I would have sav'd you any trouble of that kind, but had not time.

Some day in the next or the following week, I purpose to have the pleasure of seeing you at Wanstead. I shall accompany your good mama there, and stay till the next morning, if it may be done without incommoding your family too much. We may then discourse any points in this paper that do not seem clear to you; and, taking a walk to some of Lord Tilney's ponds, make a few experiments there to explain the nature of the tides more fully. In the mean time, believe me to be, with the highest esteem and regard,

Your sincerely affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER III
A CORONATION, AND OTHER THINGS

CHAPTER III

A CORONATION AND OTHER THINGS

Franklin was much more of a cosmopolitan than any other among the framers of our democracy. As postmaster general he had traveled all through the Colonies. He had been to Canada. The British Isles he knew almost like a native. France was his home for nearly nine years. And he made traveler's visits into the low countries and later into Switzerland and Germany. It was his intention later in life to have made a leisurely tour of Italy and Germany with his grandson, "Temple." He speaks of this in several letters and it was evidently a disappointment to him that it could not be accomplished. He wanted to make it a sort of reward to Temple for his indefatigable services as secretary to his grandfather while minister plenipotentiary in France.

In the early fall of 1761 Franklin took his son, William, with him for a tour of Holland. It could not have been a very long trip, probably only the month he proposed. A person of Franklin's faculty for observation would see much of Holland in that time. He wrote his wife from Utrecht about the middle of September, "We have received a good deal of information on this tour that may be useful when we return to America."

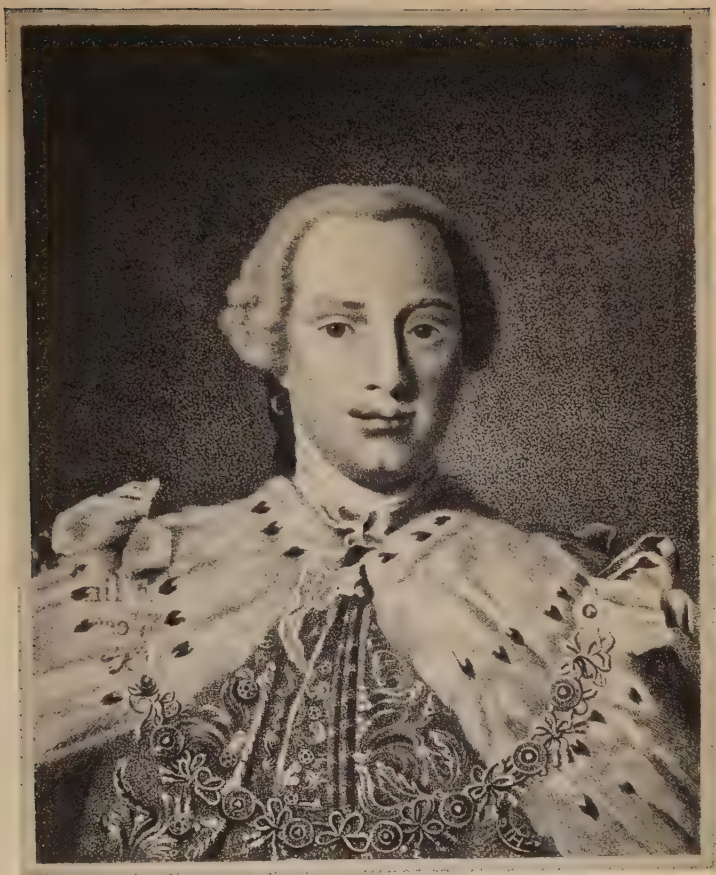
Our next letter to Polly was composed just before they left and contained the interesting item

that they planned to be home for "the coronation."

In October, 1760, George II had died and George III had ascended the throne. Dr. Franklin and his son, William, were back in time for the coronation. It took place on September 22nd, 1761, and there is another long "philosophical" letter to Polly dated ten days before that.

One cannot help but wonder whether Benjamin Franklin was present at George the Third's coronation. He probably was. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year has a double sheet with costumed pictures of all who are entitled to march in a coronation procession, but there is no place in it for colonial agents. It was a brilliant sight. The American was not likely to miss seeing it.

"All the way of the procession was lined with crowded scaffolds and the Abbey (Westminster) also was as full and gay as possible." The sermon by Dr. Drummond (the archbishop of Salisbury) and the coronation ceremony lasted six hours. Afterward they marched into Westminster Hall and "dined magnificently." After a sermon and ceremony of six hours, they deserved a good dinner. Every account of that great day records that on the procession to Westminster Hall the great diamond fell out of the King's crown. It was, of course, quickly recovered. George III did not at that day know much more than that Benjamin Franklin existed. And the sightseeing Colonial could not at that time have imagined that he would ever have so much to do with the coming reign of that monarch. But in a scant fifteen years, that humble sightseer was to begin to take from George's kingdom the colonies that he did not



George the Third.

*Engraved by E. Borequet
From an Original Picture by Ramsay*

know how to hold and handle. They were a jewel far more valuable than the one that rolled on the floor of Westminster Hall.

Craven Street, Aug. 10, 1761.

Dear Polley,

We are to set out this week for Holland, where we may possibly spend a month, but purpose to be at home again before the coronation. I could not go without taking leave of you by a line at least, when I am so many letters in your debt.

In yours of May 19, which I have before me, you speak of the ease with which salt water may be made fresh by distillation, supposing it to be, as I had said, that in evaporation the air would take up water, but not the salt that was mix'd with it. It is true, that distill'd sea water will not be salt, but there are other disagreeable qualities that rise with the water in distillation; which indeed several besides Dr. Hales have endeavoured by sundry means to prevent; but as yet their methods have not been brought much into use.

I have his pieces on the subject which I will leave with your mother for your perusal, as you may possibly make her happy a day or two with your company upon our return. I have a singular opinion on this subject, which I will venture to communicate to you, tho' I doubt you will rank it among my whims. It is certain that the skin has *imbibing* as well as *discharging* pores; witness the effects of a blister plaister, &c. I have read, that a man, hired by a physician to stand by way of experiment in the open air naked during a moist night, weighed near 3 pounds heavier in the morn-

ing. I have often observ'd myself, that, however thirsty I may have been before going into the water to swim, I am never long so in the water. These imbibing pores, however, are very fine, perhaps fine enough in filtering to separate salt from water; for, tho' I have soak'd by swimming, when a boy, several hours in the day for several days successively in salt water, I never found my blood and juices salted by that means, so as to make me thirsty or feel a salt taste in my mouth. And it is remarkable, that the flesh of sea fish, though bred in salt water, is not salt.

Hence, I imagine, that, if people at sea, distressed by thirst when their fresh water is unfortunately spent, would make bathing-tubs of their empty water-casks, and filling them with sea water, sit in them an hour or two each day, they might be greatly reliev'd. Perhaps keeping their clothes constantly wet might have an almost equal effect; and this without danger of catching cold. Men do not catch cold by wet clothes at sea. Damp, but not wet linen may possibly give colds; but no one catches cold by bathing, and no clothes can be wetter than water itself. Why damp clothes should then occasion colds, is a curious question, the discussion of which I reserve for a future letter, or some future conversation.

Adieu, my dear little philosopher. Present my respectful compliments to the good ladies, your aunts, and to Miss Pitt; and believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,
And humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

September 20, 1761.

My dear Friend,

It is, as you observed in our late conversation, a very general opinion, that *all rivers run into the sea*, or deposite their waters there. 'Tis a kind of audacity to call such general opinions in question, and may subject one to censure. But we must hazard something in what we think the cause of truth: And if we propose our objections modestly, we shall tho' mistaken, deserve a censure less severe, than when we are both mistaken and insolent.

That some rivers run into the sea is beyond a doubt; such for instance, are the Amazones and, I think, the Oronoko and the Missisipi. The proof is, that their waters are fresh quite to the sea, and out to some distance from the land. Our question is, whether the fresh waters of those rivers whose beds are filled with salt water to a considerable distance up from the sea (as the Thames, the Delaware, and the rivers that communicate with Chesapeak Bay in Virginia) do ever arrive at the sea. And as I suspect they do not, I am now to acquaint you with my reasons; or, if, they are not allow'd to be reasons, my conceptions at least of this matter.

The common supply of rivers is from springs, which draw their origin from rain that has soak'd into the earth. The union of a number of springs forms a river. The waters, as they run, expos'd to the sun, air, and wind are continually evaporating. Hence in travelling one may often see where a river runs, by a long bluish mist over it,

tho' we are at such a distance as not to see the river itself. The quantity of this evaporation is greater or less, in proportion to the surface exposed by the same quantity of water to those causes of evaporation. While the river runs in a narrow confined channel in the upper hilly country, only a small surface is exposed; a greater, as the river widens. Now, if a river ends in a lake, as some do, whereby its waters are spread so wide as that the evaporation is equal to the sum of all its springs, that lake will never overflow; and if instead of ending in a lake, it was drawn into greater length as a river, so as to expose a surface equal in the whole to that lake, the evaporation would be equal, and such river would end as a canal; when the ignorant might suppose, as they actually do in such cases, that the river loses itself by running under ground, whereas in truth it has run up into the air.

Now many rivers that are open to the sea widen much before they arrive at it, not merely by the additional waters they receive, but by having their course stopt by the opposing flood-tide; by being turned back twice in twenty-four hours, and by finding broader beds in the low flat countries to dilate themselves in. Hence the evaporation of the fresh water is proportionably increas'd; so that in some rivers it may equal the springs of supply. In such cases, the salt water comes up the river, and meets the fresh in that part where, if there were a wall or bank of earth across from side to side, the river would form a lake, fuller indeed at some times than at others, according to the seasons,

but whose evaporation would, one time with another, be equal to its supply.

When the communication between the two kinds of water is open, this supposed wall of separation may be conceived as a movable one, which is not only pushed some miles higher up the river by every flood tide from the sea, and carried down again as far by every tide of ebb, but which has even this space of vibration removed nearer to the sea in wet seasons, when the springs and brooks in the upper country are augmented by the falling rains, so as to swell the river, and farther from the sea in dry seasons.

Within a few miles above and below this movable line of separation, the different waters mix a little, partly by their motion to and fro, and partly from the greater specific gravity of the salt water, which inclines it to run under the fresh, while the fresh water, being lighter, runs over the salt.

Cast your eye on the map of North America, and observe the Bay of Chesapeak, in Virginia, mentioned above; you will see, communicating with it by their mouths, the great rivers Susquehanah, Potowmack, Rappahanock, York, and James, besides a number of smaller streams, each as big as the Thames. It has been propos'd by philosophical writers, that to compute how much water any river discharges into the sea in a given time, we should measure its depth and swiftness at any part above the tide; as, for the Thames, at Kingston or Windsor. But can one imagine, that if all the water of those vast rivers went to the sea,

it would not first have pushed the salt water out of that narrow-mouthed bay, and filled it with fresh? The Susquehanah alone would seem to be sufficient for this, if it were not for the loss by evaporation. And yet that bay is salt quite up to Annapolis.

As to our other subject, the different degrees of heat imbibed from the sun's rays by cloths of different colours, since I cannot find the notes of my experiment to send you, I must give it as well as I can from memory.

But first let me mention an experiment you may easily make yourself. Walk but a quarter of an hour in your garden when the sun shines, with a part of your dress white, and a part black; then apply your hand to them alternately, and you will find a very great difference in their warmth. The black will be quite hot to the touch, the white still cool.

Another. Try to fire paper with a burning glass. If it is white, you will not easily burn it; but if you bring the focus to a black spot, or upon letters, written or printed, the paper will immediately be on fire under the letters.

Thus fullers and dyers find black cloths of equal thickness with white ones, and hung out equally wet, dry in the sun much sooner than the white, being more readily heated by the sun's rays. It is the same before a fire; the heat of which sooner penetrates black stockings than white ones, and so is apt sooner to burn a man's shins. Also beer much sooner warms in a black mug set before the fire, than in a white one, or in a bright silver tankard.

My experiment was this. I took a number of little square pieces of broad cloth from a tailor's pattern-card, of various colours. There were black, deep blue, lighter blue, green, purple, red, yellow, white, and other colours, or shades of colours. I laid them all out upon the snow in a bright sunshiny morning. In a few hours (I cannot now be exact as to the time), the black, being warmed most by the sun, was sunk so low as to be below the stroke of the sun's rays; the dark blue almost as low, the lighter blue not quite so much as the dark, the other colors less as they were lighter; and the quite white remain'd on the surface of the snow, not having entered it at all.

What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use? May we not learn from hence, that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate or season, as white ones; because in such cloaths the body is more heated by the sun when we walk abroad, and are at the same time heated by the exercise, which double heat is apt to bring on putrid dangerous fevers? That soldiers and seamen, who must march and labour in the sun, should in the East or West Indies have an uniform of white? That summer hats, for men or women, should be white, as repelling that heat which gives headaches to many, and to some the fatal stroke that the French call the *coup de soleil*? That the ladies' summer hats, however, should be lined with black, as not reverberating on their faces those rays which are reflected upwards from the earth or water? That the putting a white cap of paper or linen within the crown of a black hat, as

some do, will not keep out the heat, tho' it would if placed without? That fruit-walls being black'd may receive so much heat from the sun in the daytime, as to continue warm in some degree thro' the night, and thereby preserve the fruit from frosts, or forward its growth?—with sundry other particulars of less or greater importance, that will occur from time to time to attentive minds?

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Craven Street, Oct. 29, 1761.

My dear Polly's good mama bids me write two or three lines, by way of apology for her so long omitting to write. She acknowledges the receiving of two agreeable letters from her beloved daughter, enclosing one for Sally Franklin, which was much approv'd (excepting one word only) and sent as directed.

The reasons of her not writing are, that her time all day is fully taken up, during the day light, with the care of her family, and—laying abed in the morning. And her eyes are so bad, that she cannot see to write in the evening—for playing at cards. So she hopes that one, who is all goodness, will certainly forgive her, when her excuses are so substantial. As for the secretary, he has not a word to say in his own behalf, tho' full as great an offender, but throws himself upon mercy; pleading only that he is, with the greatest esteem and sincerest regard, his dear Polly's ever affectionate friend.

B. FRANKLIN.

Monday morning, March 8, 1762.

Dear Polly,

Your good mama has just been saying to me, that she wonders what can possibly be the reason she has not had a line from you for so long a time. I have made no complaint of that kind, being conscious, that, by not writing myself, I have forfeited all claim to such favour, tho' no letters give me more pleasure, and I often wish to hear from you; but indolence grows upon me with years, and writing grows more and more irksome to me.

Have you finish'd your course of philosophy? No more doubts to be resolv'd? No more questions to ask? If so, you may now be at full leisure to improve yourself in cards. Adieu, my dear child, and believe me ever your affectionate friend,
B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Respect to Mrs. Tickel, &c. Mama bids me tell you she is lately much afflicted and half a cripple with the rheumatism. I send you two or three French *Gazettes de Medecine*, which I have just receiv'd from Paris, wherein is a translation of the extract of a letter you copied out for me. You will return them with my French letters on electricity, when you have perus'd them.

London, March 22, 1762.

I must retract the charge of idleness in your studies, when I find you have gone thro' the doubly difficult task of reading so big a book, on an abstruse subject, and in a foreign language.

The question you were about to ask is a very sen-

sible one. The hand that holds the bottle receives and conducts away the electric fluid that is driven out of the outside by the repulsive power of that which is forc'd into the inside of the bottle. As long as that Power remains in the same situation, it must prevent the return of what it had expell'd; tho' the hand would readily supply the quantity if it could be received.

Your good mama bids me tell you, that she has made inquiry and finds that the School for Lovers will not be acted till the benefits are over; but when she hears that it is to be acted she will send you timely notice. I need not add that your and your friends company at dinner that day will be a great pleasure to us all. But methinks 'tis a pity, that when you are so desirous of studying in that school it should not be open: and must we be depriv'd of the happiness of seeing you till it is? Rather than that should be, I would almost venture to undertake reading to you a few lectures on the subject myself.

If you are not to be in town in a few days, I should be glad you would send the French letters, on electricity, as a friend is desirous of perusing them.

My sincere respects to Mrs. Tickell, Mrs. Rooke, Miss Pitt, etc., and believe me ever, my dear Polly

Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. We were greatly alarm'd in the night between Friday and Saturday by a fire at the bottom

of the street that has almost destroy'd two houses. Our house and yard were cover'd with falling coals of fire, but as it rain'd hard nothing catch'd. We mov'd a few of the most valuable things; but suffer'd no damage tho' we lost—some rest.

24 May, 1762.

According to promise I write on Monday, to let my good girl know how her mama does; but so late in the day, that I fear I might as well have let it alone till Tuesday. She is not yet quite well, but so well as to be abroad ever since morning. I went early into the city, dined there, and returned, hoping for the pleasure of a dish of tea with her; when I learnt that she went out soon after me, and had not since been at home. So I was forced to beg my tea at Mr. Gambier's. This will look like a complaint, but I don't intend it.

Are you provided with a house? If not, look into to-morrow's *Daily Advertiser*, where you will find one to be let at Ealing, which I know and think I could recommend, as to the pleasantness of the neighbourhood, roads, and the like, if the description appears such as may make the rest agreeable. I know there is a good deal of garden, and abundance of room in and about the house.

I shall be glad to hear, that you got well home and found all well. Present my best respects to Mrs. Tickell, Mrs. Rooke, and to Pitty.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

London, June 7, 1762.

Dear Polly,

I received your favour of the 27th past, and have since expected your intended philosophical epistle. But you have not had leisure to write it!

Your good mama is now perfectly well, as I think, excepting now and then a few rheumatic complaints, which, however, seem gradually diminishing. I am glad to hear you are about to enjoy the happiness of seeing and being with your friends at Bromley. My best respects to the good Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth, and say to the dear ladies, that I kiss their hands respectfully and affectionately.

Our ships for America do not sail so soon as I expected; it will be yet 5 or 6 weeks before we embark, and leave the old world for the new. I fancy I feel a little like dying saints, who, in parting with those they love in this world, are only comforted with the hope of more perfect happiness in the next. I have, in America, connections of the most engaging kind; and happy as I have been in the friendships here contracted, those promise me greater and more lasting felicity. But God only knows whether these promises shall be fulfilled. Adieu, my dear good girl, and believe me ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER IV
THE PHILOSOPHER GOES HOME

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THE PHILOSOPHER GOES HOME

The next letter is the last of this, the first period, lasting five years, that he spent in England. It is one of those that shows the affectionate tenderness of Franklin's heart. He was a man of many friends and himself so friendly. Polly Stevenson had evidently crept deep into his heart. It is a pathetic letter. The ocean must have seemed a great deal wider then than now, and it put friends that it separated so hopelessly wide apart. He quite plainly shows his disappointment that she had not become his daughter-in-law. Neither of them could have guessed that they were to continue their friendship for long, long years as they were. The schoolroom letters are now over; always after this they are the interchanges of deep friendship.

Portsmouth, Aug^t 11, 1762.

My dear Polly,

This is the best paper I can get at this wretched inn, but it will convey what is intrusted to it as faithfully as the finest. It will tell my Polly how much her friend is afflicted, that he must, perhaps, never again, see one for whom he has so sincere an affection, join'd to so perfect an esteem; who he once flatter'd himself might become his own, in the

tender relation of a child, but can now entertain such pleasing hopes no more. Will it tell how much he is afflicted? No, it cannot.

Adieu, my dearest child. I will call you so. Why should I not call you so, since I love you with all the tenderness, all the fondness of a father? Adieu. May the God of all goodness shower down his choicest blessings upon you, and make you infinitely happier, than that event could have made you. Adieu. And, wherever I am, believe me to be, with unalterable affection, my dear Polly, your sincere friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was much more free than most of us from the dominion of moods. His depression at leaving England did not last. He was looking forward to seeing his family and dear friends in America again. If that in itself could not recover him, the voyage would have done so. It was one of the most delightful experiences of all the eight times that he crossed the Atlantic. He was aboard one of a fleet of merchantmen conveyed by a warship and the weather was so pleasant that they visited back and forth from ship to ship for all the world, as he said, "like a floating village."

He was met in Philadelphia by the citizens with great acclaim and the Assembly solidified the appreciation of his services by voting £3,000 for his expenses. He had everything to cheer him. His son, William, was newly appointed governor of New Jersey; Sally, his only daughter had grown



MRS FRANKLIN .

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION
OF PROFESSOR HODGE

to be a fine, handsome girl of eighteen; his wife was still his "Dear Debby"; and his affairs were in good order. Once more he hoped to settle down at home and carry on his philosophical experiments, and once more he was not permitted to do so.

The next two years of his life were more than busy; they were tumultuous. The new governor, John Penn, a grandson of the great William, turned out to be a failure at keeping things going well, and a violent, pig-headed failure at that. The Penn family didn't seem to breed true.

In the place of scholarly and domestic leisure, Dr. Franklin had first an extended journey through the colonies as deputy postmaster. Next came the explosion in the Pennsylvania public affairs. There were massacres, riots, hasty musters of militia, violent and bitter elections, pamphlet wars, with Franklin in the thick of it all. It culminated in the Assembly voting to petition King George III to take the colony away from the Penns and keep it in his royal hands.

All this turmoil was not very favorable soil for the cultivation of so sensitive a plant as a friendly correspondence. But Polly was not forgotten. She did not mean to be. She evidently sent him by next ship after his leaving a nice, long, gossipy letter.

Deborah and Sally by now had heard a good deal about the Stevensons and before long Polly was writing to them and they were exchanging gifts, but that we must pass by.

In the fall of 1764 the Assembly voted to send

Dr. Franklin to England with their petition to the King. On less than two weeks' notice he sailed.

Four letters are all that we have that were written during this two years. This first was almost certainly the answer to hers written in reply to his from the "wretched inn" at Portsmouth.

Philad^a, March 25, 1763.

My dear Polley,

Your pleasing favour of Nov. 11 is now before me. It found me as you suppos'd it would, happy with my American friends and family about me; and it made me more happy in showing me that I am not yet forgotten by the dear friends I left in England. And indeed, why should I fear they will ever forget me, when I feel so strongly that I shall ever remember them!

I sympathise with you sincerely in your grief at the separation from your old friend, Miss Pitt. The reflection that she is going to be more happy, when she leaves you, might comfort you, if the case was likely to be so circumstanc'd; but when the country and company she has been educated in, and those she is removing to are compared, one cannot possibly expect it. I sympathize no less with you in your joys. But it is not merely on your account, that I rejoice at the recovery of your dear Dolly's health. I love that dear good girl myself, and I love her other friends. I am, therefore, made happy by what must contribute so much to the happiness of them all. Remember me to her, and to every one of that worthy and amiable family, most affectionately.

Remember me in the same manner to your and my good Doctor and Mrs. Hawkesworth. You have lately, you tell me, had the pleasure of spending three days with them at Mr. Stanley's.¹ It was a sweet society! I too, once partook of that same pleasure, and can therefore feel what you must have felt. Remember me also to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and to Miss Arlund.

Of all the enviable things England has, I envy it most its people. Why should that petty island, which compar'd to America, is but like a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry; why, I say, should that little island enjoy in almost every neighbourhood, more sensible, virtuous, and elegant minds, than we can collect in ranging 100 leagues of our vast forests? But 'tis said the arts delight to travel westward. You have effectually defended us in this glorious war, and in time you will improve us. After the first cares for the necessaries of life are over, we shall come to think of the embellishments. Already some of our young geniuses begin to lisp attempts at printing, poetry, and musick. We have a young painter now studying at Rome.² Some specimens of our poetry I send you, which if Dr. Hawkesworth's fine taste cannot approve, his good heart will at least excuse. The manuscript piece is by a young friend of mine, and was occasion'd by the loss of one of his friends, who lately made a voyage to Antigua to

¹ John Stanley (1714-1786), a blind musician, organist to the Society of the Inner Temple. He composed the music for Dr. Hawkesworth's oratorios, "Zimri" and "The Fall of Egypt." Note from Smyth.

² Benjamin West, ætat. 25.

settle some affairs, previous to an intended marriage with an amiable young lady here, but unfortunately died there. I send it to you, because the author is a great admirer of Mr. Stanley's musical compositions, and has adapted this piece to an air in the sixth *Concerto* of that gentleman, the sweetly solemn movement of which he is quite in raptures with. He has attempted to compose a *recitativo* for it, but not being able to satisfy himself in the bass, wishes I could get it supply'd. If Mr. Stanley would condescend to do that for him, thro' your intercession, he would esteem it as one of the highest honours, and it would make him excessively happy. You will say that a *recitativo* can be but a poor specimen of our music. 'Tis the best and all I have at present, but you may see better hereafter.

I hope Mr. Ralph's affairs are mended since you wrote. I know he had some expectations, when I came away, from a hand that would help him. He has merit, and one would think ought not to be so unfortunate.

I do not wonder at the behaviour you mention of Dr. Smith towards me, for I have long since known him thoroughly. I made that man my enemy by doing him too much kindness. 'Tis the honestest way of acquiring an enemy. And, since 'tis convenient to have at least one enemy, who by his readiness to revile one on all occasions, may make one careful of one's conduct, I shall keep him an enemy for that purpose; and shall observe your good mother's advice, never again to receive him as a friend. She once admir'd the benevo-

lent spirit breath'd in his sermons. She will now see the justness of the lines your Laureat Whitehead addresses to his poets, and which I now address to her.

“Full many a peevish, envious, slanderous elf
Is, in his works, benevolence itself.
For all mankind, unknown, his bosom heaves;
He only injures those, with whom he lives.
Read then the man;—does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from *petulance*, exempt from *pride*?
To social duties does his heart attend,
As son, as father, husband, brother, *friend*?
Do those, who know him, love him? If they do,
You’ve *my* permission; you may love him too.”

Nothing can please me more than to see your philosophical improvements when you have leisure to communicate them to me. I still owe you a long letter on that subject, which I shall pay. I am vex'd with Mr. James, that he has been so dilatory in Mr. Maddison's *armonica*. I was unlucky in both the workmen, that I permitted to undertake making those instruments. The first was fanciful, and never would work to the purpose, because he was ever conceiving some new improvement, that answer'd no end. The other I doubt is absolutely idle. I have recommended a number to him from hence, but must stop my hand.

Adieu, my dear Polly, and believe me as ever, with the sincerest esteem and regard, your truly affectionate friend and humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. My love to Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Rooke, and to Pitty, when you write to her. Mrs. Franklin and Sally desire to be affectionately remembered to you. I find the printed poetry I intended to enclose will be too bulky to send per the packet. I shall send it by a ship, that goes shortly from hence.

Woodbridge, New Jersey, June 10, 1763.

I wrote to my dear friend's good mama to-day, and said I should hardly have time to write to you; but, finding a spare half hour, I will indulge myself in the pleasure of spending it with you. I have just receiv'd your most agreeable epistle of March 11. The ease, the smoothness, the purity of diction, and delicacy of sentiment, that always appear in your letters, never fail to delight me; but the tender filial regard you constantly express for your old friend is particularly engaging. Continue, then, to make him happy from time to time with that sweet intercourse; and take in return all he can give you, his sincerest wishes for you of every kind of felicity.

I hope, that, by the time this reaches you, an account will arrive of your dear Pittey's safe landing in America among her friends. Your Dolly, too, I hope, has perfectly recover'd her health, and then nothing will remain to give you uneasiness or anxiety. Heaven bless you, and believe me ever, my dear child, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

New York, 27 June, 1763.

Dear Polly,

I received here your kind little letter of April 14th, with your good mamma's favor of the same date. I write this line chiefly to acknowledge it, having wrote to you lately, and little now to add. I congratulated you on your Dolly's recovery, which you mention as nearly completed,—assuring you, that I do, as you suppose, participate your pleasure. Tell her that the old American loves her; and all that agreeable family, that he remembers and honors them.

I am glad you are pleased with your new neighbours; those you left you used to like, and as Wanstead is in itself a more pleasant place than Kensington, you must have suffered greatly by the exchange, if those you found there were disagreeable.

I am ashamed to send a letter so far with so little in it. In some future letter I will endeavour to make amends. My respectful compliments to your good aunts. I am, as ever, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Philad^a, March 14, 1764.

Dear Polly,

I have received your kind letters of Augt 30 and Nov. 16. Please to return my thanks, with those of my friend, to Mr. Stanley for his favor in the musick, which gives great satisfaction. I am glad to hear of the welfare of the Blunt family, and the addition it has lately received; and

particularly that your Dolly's health is mended. Present my best respects to them, and to the good Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth, when you see them.

I believe you were right in dissuading your good mother from coming hither. The proposal was a hasty thought of mine, in which I consider'd only some profit she might make by the adventure, and the pleasure to me and my family from the visit; but forgot poor Polly, and what her feelings must be on the occasion, and perhaps did not sufficiently reflect, that the inconveniences of such a voyage, to a person of her years and sex, must be more than the advantages could compensate.

I am sincerely concern'd to hear of Mrs. Rooke's long-continued affliction with that cruel gout. My best wishes attend her and good Mrs. Tickell. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford it. You can scarce conceive the pleasure your letters give me. Blessings on his soul, that first invented writing, without which, I should, at this distance, be as effectually cut off from my friends in England, as the dead are from the living. But I write so little, that I can have no claim to much from you. Business, publick and private, devours all my time. I must return to England for repose. With such thoughts I flatter myself, and need some kind friend to put me often in mind, that *old trees cannot safely be transplanted*.

Adieu, my amiable friend, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER V
AT CRAVEN STREET AGAIN

CHAPTER V

AT CRAVEN STREET AGAIN

The next letter must have nearly stunned Polly with surprise—Dr. Franklin back in London and at No. 7 Craven Street! Dr. Franklin could hardly have escaped surprise himself. It had all come about so unexpectedly and so rapidly. The vote of the Assembly was imperative—demanded immediate action. There was no money in the Assembly treasury, so a few citizens in Philadelphia raised eleven hundred pounds for his expenses. It took them only two hours to do it. The voyage was a fast one for those times, only thirty days. Again Craven Street becomes a place of importance. No one in the circle could have guessed how important it was to become. Franklin arrived about December 9th, 1764, and he expected to return to Philadelphia the next summer. He actually did return just ten years later in the spring of 1775.

The mission that brought him over was almost immediately overshadowed by a much more serious question. England's victorious wars had left her in debt, as wars generally do. Mr. Grenville thought that the American colonies should pay some of the expenses and proposed that they should do so by means of a stamp tax. Before he ever once had a chance to present the petition of

the Pennsylvania Assembly, Franklin was drawn into the greater question. After a considerable delay that petition was presented, but there was never a period from 1765 to 1775 when it was paid any serious attention.

As the problem grew deeper, Franklin's powers expanded and he became more and more important. He had come as the official representative of one colony; he was soon made the official representative of several of the rest of them. From provincial concerns he quickly became spokesman for the nascent American nation. Every year saw his character and world position go higher and higher. Officials who in '65 would have kept him for hours on a bench in the ante-room, in '74 were willing to call upon him in Craven Street.

But all this was hidden behind the curtain of the future in December, '64. The immediate problem of the Pennsylvania colony did not look so impossible. There was a deal of hand-clasping and health drinking and hearty greetings where Dr. Franklin went those first weeks. His friends in England were numerous and sincere. He was the one person who could steer the affairs of the American colonies through the storms that were ahead and he would need all the friends he could muster. It is the frequent way with tragedies that they begin where the "south wind blows softly."

The domestic circle at Craven Street was knit together again almost at once. And now for nearly ten years the correspondence goes on.

December, 1764.

I have once more the pleasure of writing a line to my dear Polly, from Craven Street, where I arrived on Monday evening, in about thirty days from Philadelphia. Your good mamma was not at home, and the maid could not tell where to find her; so I sat me down and waited her return, when she was a good deal surprised to find me in her parlour.

She has this afternoon received a letter from you, and we rejoice to hear that you and our other friends at Bromley are all well. My love to good Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth, and to your amiable friends the Misses Blount. Your mamma joins with me in every affectionate sentiment, and bids me tell you, that she is indeed but poorly, yet better than she was when you left her.

I am, as ever, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Polly Stevenson had a few girl friends whose names appear frequently in Franklin's letters, "Dolly" more than any other.

"Dolly" was Miss Dorothea Blount, daughter of Sir Charles Blount, whose home was at Bromley, where Dr. Franklin thought the Christmas festivities too long because they kept Polly away from home. Dolly was drawn into the circle of Franklin's friendship and herself corresponded with him to some extent. The few letters of hers to him that we have give evidence that she shared the admiring affection that Polly gave him.

In one of them she gives him maternal advice about his health,—

"I do remember to have my father (in appearance) in the same state that you were in, and I also remember that such things appeared to do him harm. I feel also so nearly for you the same degree of affection and respect that I felt for him, that it was natural for me both to think and say the same I should for him and to him."

And another concludes,—*"So good evening, good night, good all that I can wish or you can want, be unto you, my good sir, and all you love—this is my benediction and with this I will depart according to my word."*

The many references to Dolly show that she shared deeply in Franklin's affections. Like most of his friendships, it endured clear through their lifetime.

Another whose name appears in the next letter is Dr. Hawkesworth. Dr. John Hawkesworth was a man of versatile gifts. He was author of *"The Adventurer,"* an account of the voyages of Captain Cook, and composed two oratorios of considerable merit. References to Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth are frequent in Franklin's letters of this period. These people must have added social talents to their other abilities that endeared them to Dr. Franklin and his circle.

Craven Street, 9 January, 1765.

Your good mamma and myself are both of opinion, that the Christmas gambols at Bromley last a great deal too long. We expected you three days ago.

Give my compliments to Dr. Hawkesworth, and tell him I have read three or four times, and every time with great pleasure, *his* Dialogue in the Magazine, between Mr. Selaway and friends in the Club. I call the Dialogue *his*, being sure that nobody else could write it; "*because why the thing speaks for itself.*"

I cannot conceive that any inconvenience can arise from my loving young ladies, and their believing that I love them. Therefore, you may assure your friend Dolly, that she judges right. I love all good girls, because they are good, and her for one reason more, because you love her.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

26 March, 1767.

We want to hear how our dear Polly does, after the loss of her two great teeth together; whether the jaw is easy and not swelled.

Sir Charles Blount called in Craven Street last night, and we learnt with pleasure, that your friend Dolly, and all that family are well. Dr. Hawkesworth is to spend this evening there, and I am mortified that I cannot be with them.

Your good mamma bade me send you the enclosed verses, and so I scribbled this line, just to let you know we are well. Present my compliments to Mrs. Tickell, and believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth are to drink tea with us on Tuesday. It is said to be clever to kill two birds with one stone. You may make three or four more alive by one little visit at the same time.

The trail of Benjamin Franklin's walk through life is dotted with many young people whose good fortunes he set in motion. Those early years in Philadelphia when he was struggling against debt and misfortune were never very far from his memory. The desire to help young people was evident clear down to his will.

The "Sally" that he refers to in the next letter was the daughter of a relative, Thomas Franklin, whom he discovered in England living in very needy circumstances. The father he assisted for many years and in effect adopted Sally. He educated her and she was a member of the Craven Street household until her marriage to a prosperous farmer in 1773.

Craven Street, 16 May, 1767.

My dear Polly,

I have just received yours of yesterday. I wish I could come to you on Sunday, to spend the afternoon and evening with you and that agreeable family, and return with you on Monday. But I am too busy to spare two days without great inconvenience. On Monday, between two and three, you may expect me. But then you will hold yourself ready to set out homewards at six, that we may be in town before night, and have time, after you

have seen your mother, to go to Kensington; for you cannot conveniently lodge here, Sally being again ill with a fever.

Tell the good Dr. and Mrs. Hawkesworth, that I love them as I ought, and as everybody ought, and you may whisper Dolly that I love her a little more; I hardly know why, but one sometimes has odd fancies. Present my respectful compliments to your hostess, and believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

Craven Street, June 17, 1767.

We were greatly disappointed yesterday, that we had not the pleasure, promis'd us, of our dear Polly's company. Your good mother would have me write a line in answer to your letter. A muse, you must know, visited me this morning! I see you are surpris'd, as I was. I never saw one before. And shall never see another. So I took the opportunity of her help to put the answer into verse, because I was some verse in your debt ever since you sent me the last pair of garters.

This muse appear'd to be no housewife. I suppose few of them are. She was *drest* (if the expression is allowable) in an *undress*, a kind of slatternly *negligee*, neither neat nor clean, nor well made; and she has given the same sort of dress to my piece. On reviewing it, I would have reform'd the lines, and made them all of a length, as I am told lines ought to be; but I find I can't lengthen the short ones without stretching them on the rack, and I think it would be equally cruel to

cut off any part of the long ones. Besides the superfluity of *these* makes up for the deficiency of *those*; and so, from a principle of justice, I leave them at full length, that I may give you, at least in one sense of the word, *good measure*. Adieu, my dear good girl, and believe me ever your affectionate, faithful friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER VI
TWICE TO PARIS

CHAPTER VI

TWICE TO PARIS

The world owes a debt of gratitude to Sir John Pringle for encouraging Dr. Franklin to make a trip to Paris with him. To it we owe one of the most famous tourist letters ever written. It is fortunate that it was written to Polly too, for to no one else would just this letter have been written. It is one of Franklin's most characteristic expressions, mingling affectionate friendship, scientific observation, whimsical nonsense and free running narrative.

Sir John Pringle, whom we shall find mentioned in several letters, was the physician to the Queen and on very familiar terms with the royal household. He was one of Franklin's closest friends and shared with him a lively interest in the study of the natural sciences.

Pringle was an extra good companion for a trip to France because he spoke French fluently. Franklin afterward gave as one reason why his own French was so bad that he depended too much on Sir John. The royal physician also had a hearty humor like Franklin's. They were much together.

The friendship had its uses for Franklin, too. He was kept well informed of the frame of mind of the King and incidentally his Majesty probably

gained no ill opinion of the American Agent through his family physician. It was probably through Sir John Pringle that Franklin presented to the Queen the piece of American-made silk cloth that his daughter, Sarah, sent to him for that purpose.

It is easy to imagine that when two such personages visited the French capitol, their presence was not ignored. It evidently was not, as the letter will show.

Paris, Sept. 14, 1767.

Dear Polly,

I am always pleas'd with a letter from you, and I flatter myself you may be sometimes pleas'd in receiving one from me, tho' it should be of little importance, such as this, which is to consist of a few occasional remarks made here, and in my journey hither.

Soon after I left you in that agreeable society at Bromley, I took the resolution of make a trip with Sir John Pringle into France. We set out the 28th past. All the way to Dover we were furnished with postchaises, hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes, like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country; which being one of my great pleasures, I was engag'd in perpetual disputes with the innkeepers, hostlers, and postilions, about getting the straps taken up a hole or two before, and let down as much behind, they insisting that the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise

leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows a reluctance. They added other reasons, that were no reasons at all, and made me, as upon a 100 other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endow'd with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnish'd with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

At Dover, the next morning, we embark'd for Calais with a number of passengers, who had never been before at sea. They would previously make a hearty breakfast, because, if the wind should fail, we might not get over till supper time. Doubtless they thought that when they had paid for their breakfast, they had a right to it, and that, when they had swallowed it they were sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an hour, before the sea laid claim to it, and they were oblig'd to deliver it up. So it seems there are uncertainties, even beyond those between the cup and the lip. If ever you go to sea, take my advice, and live sparingly a day or two beforehand. The sickness, if any, will be lighter and sooner over. We got to Calais that evening.

Various impositions we suffer'd from boatmen, porters, &c., on both sides the water. I know not which are most rapacious, the English or French, but the latter have, with their knavery, the most politeness.

The roads we found equally good with ours in England, in some places pav'd with smooth stone,

like our new streets, for many miles together, and rows of trees on each side, and yet there are no turnpikes. But then the poor peasants complain'd to us grievously, that they were oblig'd to work upon the roads full two months in the year, without being paid for their labour, whether this is truth, or whether, like Englishmen, they grumble cause or no cause, I have not yet been able fully to inform myself.

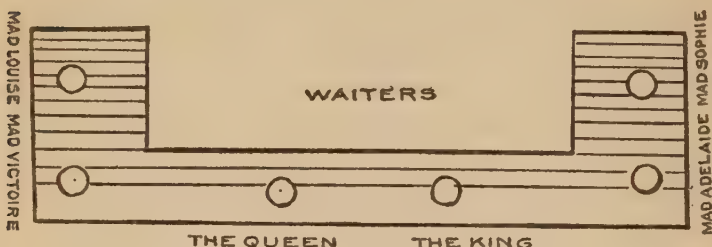
The women we saw in Calais, on the road, at Bouloigne, and in the inns and villages, were generally of dark complexions; but arriving at Abbeville we found a sudden change, a multitude of both women and men in that place appearing remarkably fair. Whether this is owing to a small colony of spinners, wool-combers, and weavers, brought hither from Holland with the woollen manufacture about 60 years ago; or to their being less expos'd to the sun, than in other places, their business keeping them much within doors, I know not. Perhaps as in some other cases, different causes may club in producing the effect, but the effect itself is certain. Never was I in a place of greater industry, wheels and looms going in every house.

As soon as we left Abbeville, the swarthiness return'd. I speak generally, for here are some fair women at Paris, who I think are not whiten'd by art. As to rouge, they don't pretend to imitate nature in laying it on. There is no gradual diminution of the colour, from the full bloom in the middle of the cheek to the faint tint near the sides, nor does it show itself differently in different faces.

I have not had the honour of being at any lady's toyllette to see how it is laid on, but I fancy I can tell you how it is or may be done. Cut a hole of 3 inches diameter in a piece of paper; place it on the side of your face in such a manner as that the top of the hole may be just under your eye; then with a brush dipt in the colour, paint face and paper together; so when the paper is taken off there will remain a round patch of red exactly the form of the hole. This is the mode, from the actresses on the stage upwards thro' all ranks of ladies to the princesses of the blood, but it stops there, the Queen not using it, having in the serenity, complacence, and benignity that shine so eminently in, or rather through her countenance, sufficient beauty, tho' now an old woman, to do extremely well without it.

You see I speak of the Queen as if I had seen her, and so I have; for you must know I have been at Court. We went to Versailles last Sunday, and had the honour of being presented to the King; he spoke to both of us very graciously and chearfully, is a handsome man, has a very lively look, and appears younger than he is. In the evening we were at the *Grand Couvert*, where the family sup in publick. The form of their sitting at the table was this: The table was as you see half a hollow square, the service gold. When either made a sign for drink, the word was given by one of the waiters; *A boire, pour le Roy*, or, *A boire pour la Reine*. Then two persons within the square approach'd, one with wine the other with water in *caraffes*; each drank a little glass of what he

brought, and then put both the *caraffes* with a glass on a salver, and presented it. Their distance from each other was such, as that other chairs might have been plac'd between any two of them. An officer of the Court brought us up thro' the crowd of spectators, and plac'd Sir John so as to stand between the King and Madame Adelaide, and me between the Queen and Madame Victoire. The King talk'd a good deal to Sir John, asking



many questions about our Royal Family; and did me too the honour of taking some notice of me; that's saying enough, for I would not have you think me so much pleas'd with this King and Queen, as to have a whit less regard than I us'd to have for ours. No Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own King and Queen the very best in the world, and the most amiable.

Versailles has had infinite sums laid out in building it and supplying it with water. Some say the expenses exceeded 80 millions sterling. The range of building is immense; the garden-front most magnificent, all of hewn stone; the number of statues, figures, urns, &c, in marble and bronze of exquisite workmanship, is beyond

conception. But the waterworks are out of repair, and so is great part of the front next the town, looking with its shabby half-brick walls, and broken windows, not much better than the houses in Durham Yard. There is, in short, both at Versailles and Paris, a prodigious mixture of magnificence and negligence, with every kind of elegance except that of cleanliness, and what we call *tidiness*. Tho' I must do Paris the justice to say, that in two points of cleanliness they exceed us. The water they drink, tho' from the river, they render as pure as that of the best spring, by filtering it thro' cisterns fill'd with sand; and the streets by constant sweeping are fit to walk in, tho' there is no pav'd footpath. Accordingly, many well-dress'd people are constantly seen walking in them. The crowds of coaches and chairs for this reason is not so great. Men, as well as women, carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain or too (sic) much sun; and a man with an umbrella not taking up more than three foot square, or nine square feet of the street, when, if in a coach, he would take up 240 square feet, you can easily conceive that tho' the streets here are narrower they may be much less encumber'd. They are extremely well pav'd, and the stones, being generally cubes, when worn on one side, may be turn'd and become new.

The civilities we everywhere receive give us the strongest impressions of the French politeness. It seems to be a point settled here universally, that strangers are to be treated with respect; and one has just the same deference shewn one here by be-

ing a stranger, as in England by being a lady. The customhouse officers at Port St. Denis, as we enter'd Paris, were about to seize 2 doz. of excellent Bordeaux wine given us at Boulogne, and which we brought with us; but, as soon as they found we were strangers, it was immediately remitted on that account. At the church of Notre Dame, where we went to see a magnificent illumination, with figures, &c., for the deceased Dauphiness, we found an immense crowd, who were kept out by guards; but, the officer being told that we were strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, accompanied and show'd us every thing. Why don't we practise this urbanity to Frenchmen? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in anything?

Here is an exhibition of paintings like ours in London, to which multitudes flock daily. I am not connoisseur enough to judge which has most merit. Every night, Sundays not excepted here are plays or operas; and tho' the weather has been hot, and the houses full, one is not incommoded by the heat so much as with us in winter. They must have some way of changing the air, that we are not acquainted with. I shall enquire into it.

Travelling is one way of lengthening life, at least in appearance. It is but about a fortnight since we left London, but the variety of scenes we have gone through make it seem equal to six months living in one place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater change, too, in my own person, than I could have done in six years at home. I had not been here six days, before my taylor and perruquier had transform'd me into a Frenchman. Only think what a



Benjamin Franklin Esq.^{re}

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.

figure I make in a little bag-wig and naked ears! They told me I was become 20 years younger, and look'd very galante;

So being in Paris where the mode is to be sacredly follow'd I was once very near making love to my friend's wife.

This letter shall cost you a shilling, and you may consider it cheap, when you reflect, that it has cost me at least 50 guineas to get into the situation, that enables me to write it. Besides, I might, if I had staid at home, have won perhaps two shillings of you at cribbage. By the way, now I mention cards, let me tell you that quadrille is quite out of fashion here, and English whisk all the mode at Paris and the Court.

And pray look upon it as no small matter, that surrounded as I am by the glories of this world, and amusements of all sorts, I remember you and Dolly and all the dear good folks at Bromley. 'Tis true, I can't help it, but must and ever shall remember you all with pleasure.

Need I add, that I am particularly, my dear good friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Inquiring and inventive persons must be pardoned if amid a great deal that is useful they throw off a little something that is fantastic. Franklin isn't the only man who thought that the method of spelling in the English language needed reforming. He is, however, one of the few who advised a new alphabet to boot. In some moments of relief from his wearing business he devised a new alphabet and system of spelling. It is presented in "A

scheme for a new alphabet and reformed mode of spelling with remarks and examples concerning the same and an enquiry into its uses, in a correspondence between Miss Stevenson and Dr. Franklin, written in the characters of the alphabet."

History does not record that any one grew very much concerned about it. In fact Polly Stevenson is the only person on record, aside from the inventor, who ever wrote a letter in the reformed way. For the comfort of the reader the next two letters both of which were written in the proposed script are transcribed into conventional English.

Kensington, 26 September, 1768.

Dear Sir,

I have transcribed your alphabet, etc., which I think might be of service to those, who wish to acquire an accurate pronunciation, if that could be fix'd; but I see many inconveniences, as well as difficulties, that would attend the bringing your letters and orthography into common use. All our etymologies would be lost, consequently we could not ascertain the meaning of many words; the distinction, too, between words of different meaning and similar sound would be useless, unless we living writers publish new editions. In short we believe we must let people spell on in their old way, and (as we find it easiest) do the same ourselves. With ease and with sincerity I can, in the old way, subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

M. S.

Craven Street, 28 September, 1768.

Dear Polly,

The objection you make to rectifying our alphabet, "that it will be attended with inconveniences and difficulties" is a natural one; for it always occurs when any reformation is proposed, whether in religion, government, laws, and even down as low as roads and wheel-carriages. The true question, then, is not whether there will be any difficulties or inconveniences, but whether the difficulties may not be surmounted, and whether the conveniences will not, on the whole, be greater than the inconveniences. In this case, the difficulties are only in the beginning of the practice. When they are overcome, the advantages are lasting. To either you or me, who spell well in the present mode, I imagine the difficulty of changing that mode for the new is not so great, but that we might perfectly get over it in a week's time.

As to those, who do not spell well, if the two difficulties are compared, namely, that of teaching them true spelling in the present mode, and that of teaching them the new alphabet, and the new spelling according to it, I am confident that the latter would be by far the least. They naturally fall into the new method already, as much as the imperfection of their alphabet will admit of. Their present bad spelling is only bad, because contrary to the present bad rules. The difficulty of learning to spell well in the old way is so great, that few attain it, thousands and thousands writing on to old age, without ever being able to acquire it. It is, besides, a difficulty con-

tinually increasing, as the sound gradually varies more and more from the spelling, and to foreigners it makes the learning to pronounce our language, as written in our books, almost impossible.

Now, as to the *inconveniences* you mention, the first is, “that all our etymologies would be lost, and consequently we could not ascertain the meaning of many words.” Etymologies are at present very uncertain; but such as they are, the old books would still preserve them, and etymologists would there find them. Words in the course of time change their meanings, as well as their spelling and pronunciation, and we do not look to etymology for their present meanings. If I should call a man a *knave* and a *villain*, he would hardly be satisfied with my telling him, that one of the words originally signified only a lad or servant; and the other an under-ploughman, or the inhabitant of a village. It is from present usage only, that the meaning of words is to be determined.

Your second inconvenience is, that “the distinction between words of different meaning and similar sound would be destroyed.” That distinction is already destroyed in pronouncing them; and you rely on the sense alone of the sentence to ascertain which of the several words, similar in sound, we intend. If this is sufficient in the rapidity of discourse, it will be much more so in written sentences, which may be read leisurely, and attended to more particularly in case of difficulty, than you can attend to a past sentence, while a speaker is hurrying you along with new ones.

Your third inconvenience is, that "all the books already written would be useless." This inconvenience would only come on gradually, in a course of ages. You, and I, and other now living readers, would hardly forget the use of them. People would long learn to read the old writing, though they practised the new. And the inconvenience is not greater, than what has actually happened in a similar case in Italy. Formerly, its inhabitants all spoke and wrote Latin; as the language changed, the spelling followed it. It is true, that, at present, a mere unlearned Italian cannot read the Latin books, though they are still read and understood by many. But, if the spelling had never been changed, he would now have found it much more difficult to read and write his own language, for written words would have had no relation to sounds, they would only have stood for things; so that, if he would express in writing the idea he has, when he sounds the word *Vescovo*, he must use the letters *Episcopus*. In short, whatever the difficulties and inconveniences now are, they will be more easily surmounted now, than hereafter; and some time or other it must be done, or our writing will become the same with the Chinese, as to the difficulty of learning and using it. And it would already have been such, if we had continued the Saxon spelling and writing, used by our forefathers.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

The apostolic ornament of a meek and quiet spirit seems to have slipped off Polly now and then. Aunt Tickell was evidently crochety and a good deal of a strain. We do not know what her niece said, but Dr. Franklin's reply to it sounds like the gentle answer that coolth down people when they have been blowing off steam.

It is a lovely letter of shrewd analysis of human feelings, calm advice and a spiritual exhortation that many a bishop could not have surpassed.

The outcome was satisfactory to all concerned. Polly Stevenson went back to her aunt.

London, Oct. 28, 1768.

Dear Polley,

I did not receive your letter of the 26th till I came home late last night, too late to answer it by the return of that post.

I see very clearly the unhappiness of your situation, and that it does not arise from any fault in you. I pity you most sincerely. I should not, however, have thought of giving you advice on this occasion, if you had not requested it, believing, as I do, that your own good sense is more than sufficient to direct you in every point of duty to others and yourself. If, then, I should advise you to any thing, that may be contrary to your own opinion, do not imagine, that I shall condemn you if you do not follow such advice. I shall only think, that, from a better acquaintance with circumstances, you form a better judgment of what is fit for you to do.

Now, I conceive with you, that your aunt, both

from her affection to you, and from the long habit of having you with her, would really be miserable without you. Her temper, perhaps, was never of the best; and, when that is the case, age seldom mends it. Much of her unhappiness must arise from thence; and, since wrong turns of the mind, when confirm'd by time, are almost as little in our power to cure, as those of the body, I think with you, that her case is a compassionate one.

If she had, though by her own imprudence, brought on herself any grievous sickness, I know you would think it your duty to attend and nurse her with filial tenderness, even were your own health to be endangered by it. Your apprehension, therefore, is right, that it may be your duty to live with her, tho inconsistent with your happiness and your interest; but this can only mean present interest and present happiness; for I think your future, greater, and more lasting interest and happiness will arise from the reflection, that you have done your duty, and from the high rank you will ever hold in the esteem of all that know you, for having persevered in doing that duty under so many and great discouragements.

My advice, then, must be, that you return to her as soon as the time you propos'd for your visit is expir'd; and that you continue, by every means in your power, to make the remainder of her days as comfortable to her as possible. Invent amusements for her; be pleas'd when she accepts of them, and patient when she perhaps peevishly rejects them. I know this is hard, but I think you are equal to it; not from any servility in your temper, but from

abundant goodness. In the mean time, all your friends, sensible of your present uncomfortable situation, should endeavour to ease your burthen by acting in concert with you, and to give her as many opportunities as possible of enjoying the pleasures of society, for your sake.

Nothing is more apt to sour the temper of aged people than the apprehension that they are neglected; and they are extremely apt to entertain such suspicions. It was therefore that I did propose asking her to be of our late party; but, your mother disliking it, the motion was dropt, as some others have been, by my too great easiness, contrary to my judgment. Not but that I was sensible her being with us might have lessen'd our pleasure, but I hop'd it might have prevented you some pain.

In fine, nothing can contribute to true happiness, that is inconsistent with duty; nor can a course of action, conformable to it, be finally without an ample reward. For God governs; and he is *good*. I pray him to direct you; and, indeed, you will never be without his direction, if you humbly ask it, and show yourself always ready to obey it. Farewell, *my* dear friend, and believe me ever sincerely and affectionately *yours*,

B. FRANKLIN.

The "Temple" that is mentioned in the following letter was the natural son of William Franklin, born of a mother unknown about 1760. The child was taken in charge by his grandfather at a very early age and apparently spent his first years in the

domestic circle at No. 7 Craven Street. It may be conveniently added just here that despite the bar sinister, Temple came to be a useful and honorable man. Whereas William Franklin went with the Royalists and King George III when the big break came, Temple stood with his grandfather and the colonies. He developed accomplishments of such high order that he served his grandfather as secretary while Dr. Franklin was minister plenipotentiary in France during and after the revolutionary war. After the close of the war he rejoined his father who was living in England and died there about 1823.

Tuesday Morn^g, June 27, 1769.

Dear Polley,

Agreeable to your orders, delivered to me very punctually by Temple, I return you enclos'd Voltaire's Verses. The translation I think full as good as the original. Remember that I am to have them again.

I take this opportunity to send you, also, a late paper, containing a melancholy account of the distresses of some seamen. You will observe in it the advantages they receiv'd from wearing their clothes constantly wet with salt water, under the total want of fresh water to drink. You may remember I recommended this practice many years ago. Do you know Dr. *Len*, and did you communicate it to him? I fancy his name is wrong spelt in this paper, and that it should be *Lind*, having seen in the *Review* some Extracts from a book

on Sea-Diseases, published within these 2 or 3 years, by one Dr. Lind;¹ but I have not seen the book, and know not whether such a passage be in it.

I need not point out to you an observation in favour of our doctrine, that you will make on reading this paper, that, *having little to eat*, these poor people in wet clothes day and night *caught no cold*.

My respects to your Aunt, and love to all that love you. Yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin had been to France again. He went over in July, 1769, for the purpose of observing how the French felt about the growing breach between the colonies and England. His observations were satisfactory. He learned that the American question was not being ignored. The account of his examination before Parliament and various pamphlets had been translated and distributed. "All Europe sided with the colonies," he wrote. "But Europe has its reasons. It fancies itself in some danger from the growth of British power and would be glad to see it divided against itself." Month by month the tide of serious tension was rising. This trip to France is prophetic. Had Dr. Franklin already sensed where the main support for the colonies was to come from? How much did those pamphlets translated into French

¹James Lind, M.D. (1716-1794), wrote numerous books upon the diseases of the sea. The particular work to which Franklin refers is probably "An Essay on the most effectual means of Preserving the Health of Seamen in the Royal Navy," the second edition of which appeared in 1762. Note from Smyth.

contribute to molding thoughts of a republic in French hearts?

Polly is blissfully ignorant of it all and delightfully excited over the news that she has to give her illustrious friend. She has met a young man that she is much pleased with—"though I assure you he has made no proposal." He did very soon afterward. Again we may be thankful that this is one of Polly's letters that escaped oblivion.

Margate, September 1, 1769.

Welcome to England! my dear, my honoured friend. Just as I began a letter to my mother, I received the news of your arrival. I have the same confidence in my parent, that the Esquimaux woman had in hers; for, if my mother did not know "I always speak truth," I could not venture to say what she might be apt to doubt. I confess she has some reason to complain of me; I *must* not complain of her; I have written to her but once since I came hither, and she— A blank will conclude that sentence. I have had the satisfaction to hear of her by several of my correspondents. I hope you will intercede for me, that I may not be severely rebuked. Indeed, my expedition has afforded me so little entertainment, that I could not have given her any by my letters, and I know she is not so well affected to the government, as to wish to increase the revenue without some advantage to herself. She is a very good subject, notwithstanding; and a faithful disciple of yours in all points, but that of tribute. There her daughter exceeds her; for, convinced by your arguments, I turn a

deaf ear to all the invitations to smuggling, and in such a place as this, it is well to have one's honesty guarded.

As I have cast a censure upon the inhabitants of this place, I must, for the honour of my landlord and his family, tell you, that they condemn and avoid those illicit practices, which are too common here. Indeed the exemplary conduct of these good people would make me join their sect, if reason would qualify me for it; but they are happily got into the flights of enthusiasm, which I cannot reach. They are certainly the happiest people, and I should be glad to be like them; but my reason will not suffer me, and my heart prevents my playing the hypocrite; so your Polly must remain as she is, neither in the world nor out of it. How strangely I let my pen run on to a philosopher! but that philosopher is my friend, and I may write what I please to him.

I met with a very sensible physician yesterday, who prescribes abstinence for the cure of consumptions. He must be clever, because he thinks as *we* do. I would not have you or my mother surprised, if I should run off with this young man. To be sure it would be an imprudent step, at the discreet age of thirty; but there is no saying what one should do, if solicited by a man of an insinuating address and good person, though he may be too young for one and not yet established in his profession. He engaged me so deeply in conversation, and I was so much pleased with him, that I thought it necessary to give you warning, though I assure you he has made no *proposal*.

How I rattle! This flight must be owing to this new acquaintance, or to the joy of hearing my old one is returned to this country. I know which I attribute it to, for I can tell when my spirits were enlivened; but you may think as you please, if you will believe me to be, dear Sir, your truly affectionate humble servant,

MARY STEVENSON.

Saturday Evening, Sept^r 2, 1769.

Just come home from a venison feast, where I have drank more than a philosopher ought, I find my dear Polly's cheerful, chatty letter, that exhilarates me more than all the wine.

Your good Mother says there is no occasion for any intercession of mine in your behalf. She is sensible that she is more in fault than her daughter. She received an affectionate, tender letter from you, and she has not answered it, tho' she intended to do it; but her head, not her heart, has been bad, and unfitted her for writing. She owns, that she is not so good a subject as you are, and that she is more unwilling to pay tribute to Cesar, and has less objection to smuggling; but 'tis not, she says, mere selfishness or avarice; 'tis rather an honest resentment at the waste of those taxes in pensions, salaries, perquisites, contracts, and other emoluments for the benefit of people she does not love, and who do not deserve such advantages, because—I suppose—because they are not of her party.

Present my respects to your good landlord and his family. I honour them for their conscientious aversion to illicit trading. There are those in the

world, who would not wrong a neighbour, but make no scruple of cheating the King. The reverse, however, does not hold; for whoever scruples cheating the King, will certainly not wrong his neighbour.

You ought not to wish yourself an enthusiast. They have, indeed, their imaginary satisfactions and pleasures, but these are often ballanc'd by imaginary pains and mortifications. You can continue to be a good girl, and thereby lay a solid foundation for expected future happiness, without the enthusiasm that may perhaps be necessary to some others. As those beings, who have a good sensible instinct, have no need of reason, so those, who have reason to regulate their actions, have no occasion for enthusiasm. However, there are certain circumstances in life, sometimes, wherein 'tis perhaps best not to hearken to reason. For instance, possibly, if the truth were known, I have reason to be jealous of this same, insinuating, handsome young physician; but, as it flatters more my vanity, and therefore gives me more pleasure, to suppose you were in spirits on acct of my safe return, I shall turn a deaf ear to reason in this case, as I have done with success in twenty others. But I am sure you will always give me reason enough to continue ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Our love to Mrs. Tickell. We all long for your return. Your Dolly was well last Tuesday; the girls were there on a visit to her; I mean at Bromley. Adieu. No time now to give you any acct of my French journey.

Craven Street, Sat. Eve. past ten. (1769).

At length I have found an hour, in which I think I may chat with my dear good girl, free from interruption.

The attention you have always shown to everything you think agreeable to me, demands my most grateful acknowledgements. I have receiv'd the garters you have so kindly knit for me; they are of the only sort that I can wear, having worn none of any kind for 20 years, till you began to supply me; but besides their usefulness, these appear to me the finest, neatest, and prettiest that were ever made!

Accept my heartiest thanks, and be assured that I shall think as often of you in the wearing, as you did of me in the making them.

The question you ask me is a very sensible one, and I shall be glad if I can give you a satisfactory answer. There are two ways of contracting a chimney; one, by contracting the opening *before* the fire; the other, by contracting the funnel *above* the fire. If the funnel above the fire is left open in its full dimensions, and the opening before the fire is contracted; then the coals, I imagine, will burn faster, because more air is directed through the fire, and in a stronger stream; that air which before pass'd over it, and on each side of it, now passing *thro'* it. This is seen in narrow stove chimneys, when a sacheverell or blower is used, which still more contracts the narrow opening. But if the funnel only *above* the fire is contracted, then, as a less stream of air is passing up the chimney, less must pass thro' the fire, and consequently

it should seem that the consuming of the coals would rather be check'd than augmented by such contraction. And this will also be the case, when both the opening *before* the fire, and the funnel *above* the fire are contracted, provided the funnel above the fire is more contracted in proportion than the opening before the fire.

So you see I think you had the best of the argument; and, as you notwithstanding gave it up in complaisance to the company, I think you had also the best of the dispute. There are few, tho' convinc'd, that know how to give up, even an error, they have been once engag'd in maintaining; there is therefore the more merit in dropping a contest where one thinks one's self right; 'tis at least respectful to those we converse with. And indeed all our knowledge is so imperfect, and we are from a thousand causes so perpetually subject to mistake and error, that positiveness can scarce ever become even the most knowing; and modesty in advancing any opinion, however plain and true we may suppose it, is always decent, and generally more likely to procure assent. Pope's rule,

"To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence," is therefore a good one; and, if I had ever seen in your conversation the least deviation from it, I should earnestly recommend it to your observation.

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER VII
DR. FRANKLIN DINES OUT

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DR. FRANKLIN DINES OUT

The eighteenth century was a gay one socially in England. The nation was prosperous, more prosperous than ever before in its history. Unexampled wealth had begun to pour in from India. The trade with the West Indies was making many rich. The landed aristocracy were rivaled by the princely fortunes of several successful merchants. Agriculture and cattle breeding were adding their quota. Beside all this, the use of steam power was transforming and multiplying the volume of manufactured products.

Benjamin Franklin lived at No. 7 Craven Street for fifteen of the most brilliant years English society has ever known. It was the day of Horace Walpole, George Selwyn and Charles James Fox.

English social life has generally expressed itself in clubs for men rather more than in the salon of mixed company, as in France. Mrs. Elizabeth Montague did, however, maintain a successful salon and Dr. Franklin was one of her guests. But it was distinctly a day of clubs and the Agent for the colonies must have been put to it to divide his time among the large number that welcomed his company. The leading club of the day was the Royal Society of which Franklin appears to have been a member. Probably the one he en-

joyed the most was that which met in the London Coffee House, of which Dr. Richard Price, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Fothergill, Peter Collinson, Dr. Hawkesworth and other liberal and active-minded men were members.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was active some of the years Franklin was there. There is no record that they ever met. If they had, there would certainly have been something to record. It was during those years that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough and George Romney were painting some of their immortal canvasses. Chippendale and Heppelwhite and the Adamses were making lovely things. Sheraton came a little after Franklin's time, but he probably saw some of Josiah Wedgwood's pottery in the first edition, as it were.

So companionable and socially delightful a man as Franklin was inevitably much in demand for dinners. During the London season he dined out five and six times a week. Once he dined with royalty. Christian VII of Denmark, a brother-in-law to George III, while visiting his royal relative, gave a dinner for sixteen, of whom Franklin was one. He was more than once in attendance at King George's court. It is a bit curious that so shrewd a man as Benjamin Franklin was so slow to find out that the source of the malign opposition in American affairs was the King himself. He did not suspect it till 1773.

How much the Craven Street household and Polly were drawn into Dr. Franklin's social life we cannot know accurately, but it is sure that they

shared in a good deal of it. The following letter shows that Polly missed a good dinner at Mr. Wm. Strahan's.

Craven Street, Jan. 22, 1770.

Dear Polly,

I received your favour of Saturday, early this morning, and am as usual much obliged by the kind readiness with which you have done what I requested.

Your good Mother has complain'd more of her head since you left us than ever before. If she stoops, or looks, or bends her neck downwards, on any occasion, it is with great pain and difficulty, that she gets her head up again. She has, therefore, borrowed a breast and neck collar of Mrs. Wilkes, such as misses wear, and now uses it to keep her head up. Mr. Strahan has invited us all to dine there to-morrow, but she has excused herself. Will you come, and go with me? If you cannot well do that, you will at least be with us on Friday to go to Lady Strachans.

As to my own head, which you so kindly enquire after, its swimming has gradually worn off, and to-day for the first time I felt nothing of it on getting out of bed. But, as this speedy recovery is (as I am fully persuaded) owing to the extream abstemiousness I have observed for some days past at home, I am not without apprehensions, that being to dine abroad this day, to-morrow, and next day, I may inadvertently bring it on again, if I do not think of my little monitor and guardian angel,

and make use of the proper and very pertinent clause she proposes, in my grace. Here comes a morning visitor. Adieu. My best respects to Mrs. Tickell. I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin could not spare the time to see Polly one day when she wanted to have his judgment on something infinitely more important to her than the causes of smoky chimneys, the action of tides, or electricity. The young physician, William Hewson, had made his proposal. Polly was greatly inclined to accept him. Did Dr. Franklin approve? If he could not see his "dear good girl," he must have been pretty seriously engaged. He was. He had been for some time past.

In 1768 British troops had been landed in Boston to enforce the tax laid on the American colonies by Parliament. Boston was considered the center of turbulence. The New Englanders' reputation for coldness may have been started that year for the way they treated the British military. They alternately defied them, laughed at them, thumbed their noses, and scowled. They never budged an inch from their position of protest. Dr. Franklin had been made agent for the Colony of Massachusetts. Lord Hillsborough refused to accept his credentials, but Massachusetts paid Dr. Franklin a salary. Few credentials are so decisive.

In March 1770 blood had been shed in an affray between the British troops and the citizens of Boston. It is called the Boston Massacre. In short,

the quarrel between England and the colonies had reached the stage where both sides had given notice that they would die rather than yield.

France was looking on with the tense interest of the dog that may possibly run off with the bone.

Dr. Franklin was decidedly occupied. Even Polly must be denied an interview, but some where he found a moment to write her a letter, a short one, about her own great affair. He never showed himself a more accomplished diplomat than in what he said to her.

Thursday, May 31, 1770.

Dear Polly,

I receiv'd your letter early this morning; and, as I am so engag'd that I cannot see you when you come to-day, I write this line just to say, that I am sure you are a much better judge in this affair of your own, than I can possibly be. In that confidence it was, that I forebore giving my advice when you mention'd it to me, and not from any disapprobation. My concern (equal to any father's) for your happiness makes me write this, lest, having more regard for my opinion than you ought, and imagining it against the proposal because I did not immediately advise accepting it, you should let that weigh any thing in your deliberations.

I assure you, that no objection has occur'd to me. His person you see; his temper and his understanding you can judge of; his character, for any thing I have ever heard, is unblemished; his profession, with the skill in it he is suppos'd to have, will be

sufficient to support a family; and, therefore, considering the fortune you have in your hands (tho' any future expectation from your Aunt should be disappointed), I do not see but that the agreement may be a rational one on both sides.

I see your delicacy, and your humility too; for you fancy that if you do not prove a great fortune, you will not be lov'd; but I am sure that were I in his situation in every respect, knowing you so well as I do, and esteeming you so highly, I should think you a fortune sufficient for me without a shilling.

Having thus, more explicitly than before, given my opinion, I leave the rest to your sound judgment, of which no one has a greater share; and I shall not be too inquisitive after your particular reasons, your doubts, your fears, etc. For I shall be confident, whether you accept or refuse, that you do right. I only wish you may do what will most contribute to your happiness, and of course to mine; being ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Don't be angry with me for supposing your determination not quite so fix'd as you fancy it.

CHAPTER VIII
POLLY IS MARRIED

CHAPTER VIII

POLLY IS MARRIED

So Polly was married to her physician lover, and most happily. For their wedding journey they went to Hexham, where Dr. Hewson's mother lived. They were fêted by all the good families of the neighborhood. Polly was a great social success. She was happy, so happy that she slipped a bit in what she wrote to Dr. Franklin. She was a little inconsiderate in what she said about her old friends. The mellow light of long established affection is easily outshone by the explosive glare of a new and passionate love.

Dr. Franklin gently and in kindest spirit brought her down to earth. One could differ with Dr. Franklin. It was not easy to quarrel with him.

London, July 24, 1770.

Dear Polly,

I wrote a few lines to you last week, in answer to yours of the 15th, since which I have been in the country; and, returning yesterday, found your good Mother was come home, and had got a letter from you of the 20th. She has just put it into my hands, and desires me to write to you, as she is going into the city with Miss Barwell to buy things. Whether she will have time to write herself I cannot say, or whether, if she had, she would get over

her natural aversion to writing. I rather think she will content herself with your knowing what she should say, and would say, if she wrote; and with my letting you know, that she is well, and very happy in hearing that you are so.

Your friends are all much pleas'd with your account of the agreeable family, their kind reception and entertainment of you, and the respect shown you. Only Dolly and I, tho' we rejoice and shall do so in every thing that contributes to your happiness, are now and then in low spirits, supposing we have lost each a friend. Barwell says she conceives nothing of this; and that we must be two simpletons to entertain such imaginations. I showed her your letter to your mother, wherein you say, "Dolly is a naughty girl, and, if she does not mend, I shall turn her off; for I have got another Dolly now, and a very good Dolly too." She begg'd me not to communicate this to Dolly, for tho' said in jest, yet, in her present state of mind, it would hurt her. I suppose that it was for the same good-natur'd reason, that she refus'd to show me a paragraph of your letter to Dolly, that had been communicated by Dolly to her.

July 25. The above was written yesterday, but, being interrupted, I could not finish my letter in time for the post; tho' I find I had little to add. Your Mother desires me to express abundance of affection for you, and to Mr. Hewson; and to say all the proper things for her, with respect to the rest of your friends there. But you can imagine better than I can write. Sally and little Temple join in best wishes of prosperity to you both.



IMAGINARY SKETCH OF POLLY STEVENSON

Make my sincere respects acceptable to Mr. Hewson, whom, exclusive of his other merits, I shall always esteem in proportion to the regard he manifests for you. Barwell tells me, that your Aunt had receiv'd his letter, and was highly pleas'd with it and him; so I hope all will go well there; and I shall take every opportunity of cultivating her good dispositions, in which I think you us'd to be sometimes a little backward, but you always had your reasons.

I am apt to love everybody that loves you, and therefore I suppose I shall in time love your new mother, and new sister, and your new Dolly. I find I begin to like them already, and, if you think proper, you may tell them so. But your old Dolly and I have agreed to love each other better than ever we did, to make up as much as we can our suppos'd loss of you. We like your assurances of continued friendship, unimpair'd by your change of condition, and we believe you think as you write; but we fancy we know better than you. You know I once knew your heart better than you did yourself. As a proof that I am right, take notice,—*that you now think this is the silliest letter I ever wrote to you, and that Mr. Hewson confirms you in that opinion.*

However, I am still what I have been so many years, my dear good girl, your sincerely affectionate friend and servant

B. FRANKLIN.

It is a fortunate family that has some member that will take the time and possesses the wit to

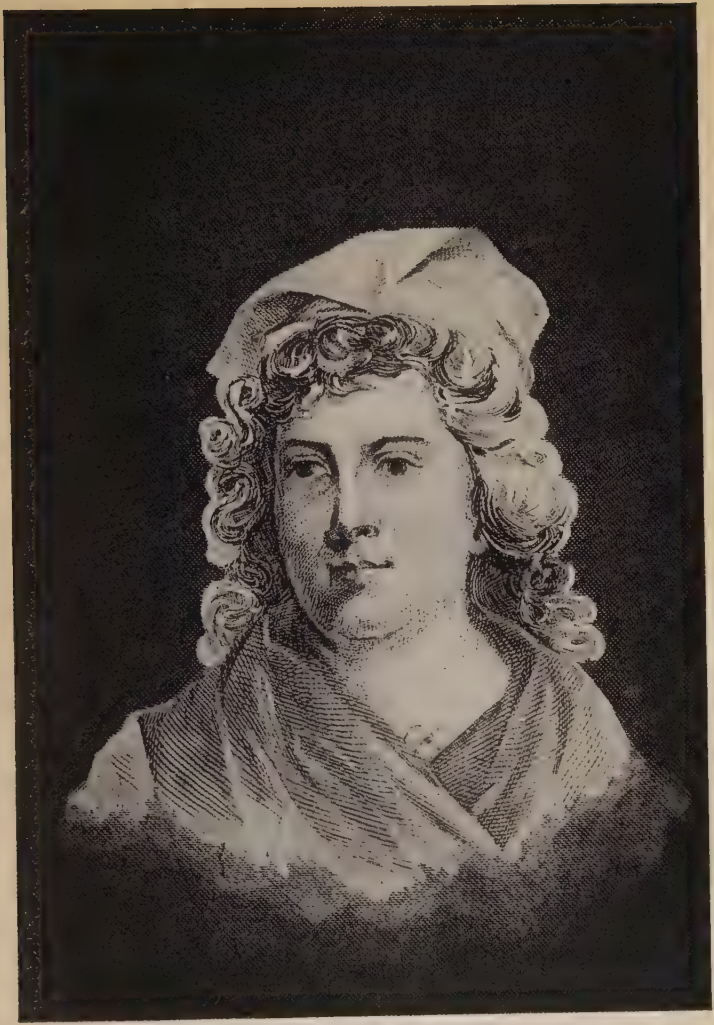
promote the family fun. Such humor is delicious. It gains an added flavor from the contrast that it affords to the disagreeable frictions that cause the creaking bearings of too many family circles. Family humor has a critical accent, contradicted by the undertow of affection.

It isn't as easy to do it in some families as others. The sense of humor and disposition for good team play must be evenly distributed among the members. If it isn't, the bouquet that was meant for beauty may result in causing a sort of spiritual hay fever.

Among all such family documents, not many are more delightful than the *Craven Street Gazette*. It is a satirical imitation of the veiled reports of the doings of Parliament that were printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* and other publications of the day. It was forbidden to give public reports of the debates in Parliament, but the outside world was hungry for them. So such sheets gave the news in a veiled fashion, using no names, but the persons meant could be infallibly identified. This clever imitation, of course, heightened the fun.

In the *Craven Street Gazette* Mrs. Stevenson is Queen, Margaret. The first maid of honor is Sally Franklin. The great person is Franklin himself. The hunt for the shirts was because he evidently meant to attend Court at St. James, it being the anniversary of King George Third's coronation.

The Lady of the Bed-Chamber was Polly herself, who was evidently in charge of the house while her mother was away. She is called various other official titles also.



SARAH BACHE.

He drags in a front page political personage, Wilkes. This gentleman was much advertised just then. He had said some things in his publication that offended King George and was refused his seat in Parliament. Four times his constituents re-elected him. Even Kings have their troubles.

Franklin was a whimsical humorist. His skill at this sort of writing made him a deadly, dangerous pamphleteer as the English were soon to find out. The *Gazette* had no purpose except to make family fun.

Saturday, September 22, 1770.

This morning Queen Margaret, accompanied by her first maid of honour, Miss Franklin, set out for Rochester. Immediately on their departure, the whole street was in tears—from a heavy shower of rain. It is whispered, that the new family administration, which took place on her Majesty's departure, promises, like all other new administrations, to govern much better than the old one.

We hear, that the great person (so called from his enormous size), of a certain family in a certain street, is grievously affected at the late changes, and could hardly be comforted this morning, though the new ministry promised him a roasted shoulder of mutton and potatoes for his dinner.

It is said, that the same great person intended to pay his respects to another great personage this day, at St. James's, it being coronation-day; hoping thereby a little to amuse his grief; but was prevented by an accident, Queen Margaret, or her maid of honour, having carried off the key of the

drawers, so that the lady of the bed-chamber could not come at a laced shirt for his Highness. Great clamours were made on this occasion against her Majesty.

Other accounts say, that the shirts were afterwards found, though too late, in another place. And some suspect, that the wanting a shirt from those drawers was only a ministerial pretence to excuse picking the locks, that the new administration might have everything at command.

It is confidently asserted, that this afternoon, the weather being wet, the great person a little chilly and nobody at home to find fault with the expense of fuel, he was indulged with a fire in his chamber. It seems the design is, to make him contented by degrees with the absence of the Queen.

A project has been under consideration of government, to take the opportunity of her Majesty's absence for doing a thing she was always averse to, namely, fixing a new lock on the street door, or getting a key made to the old one; it being found extremely inconvenient, that one or other of the great officers of state should, whenever the maid goes out for a ha'penny worth of sand, or a pint of porter, be obliged to attend the door to let her in again. But opinions being divided, which of the two expedients to adopt, the project is, for the present, laid aside.

We have good authority to assure our readers, that a Cabinet Council was held this afternoon at tea; the subject of which was a proposal for the reformation of manners, and a more strict observation of the Lord's day. The result was a unani-

mous resolution, that no meat should be dressed to-morrow; whereby the cook and the first minister will both be at liberty to go to church, the one having nothing to do, and other no roast to rule. It seems the cold shoulder of mutton, and the apple-pie, were thought sufficient for Sunday's dinner. All pious people applaud this measure, and it is thought the new ministry will soon become popular.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes was at a certain house in Craven Street this day, and inquired after the absent Queen. His good lady and the children are well.

The report, that Mr. Wilkes, the patriot, made the above visit, is without foundation, it being his brother, the courtier.

Sunday, September 23.

It is now found by sad experience, that good resolutions are easier made than executed. Notwithstanding yesterday's solemn order of Council, nobody went to church to-day. It seems the great person's broad-built bulk lay so long abed, that the breakfast was not over till it was too late to dress. At least this is the excuse. In fine, it seems a vain thing to hope reformation from the example of our great folks.

The cook and the minister, however, both took advantage of the order so far, as to save themselves all trouble, and the clause of cold dinner was enforced, though the going to church was dispensed with; just as common working folks observe the commandments. *The seventh day thou shalt rest,*

they think a sacred injunction; but the other *six days thou shalt labour* is deemed a mere piece of advice, which they may practise when they want bread and are out of credit at the alehouse, and may neglect whenever they have money in their pockets.

It must, nevertheless, be said, in justice to our court, that, whatever inclination they had to gaming, no cards were brought out to-day. Lord and Lady Hewson walked after dinner to Kensington, to pay their duty to the Dowager, and Dr. Fatsides made four hundred and sixty-nine turns in his dining-room, as the exact distance of a visit to the lovely Lady Barwell, whom he did not find at home; so there was no struggle for and against a kiss, and he sat down to dream in the easy-chair, that he had it without any trouble.

Monday, September 24.

We are credibly informed, that the great person dined this day with the Club at the Cat and Bagpipes in the City, on cold round of boiled beef. This, it seems, he was under some necessity of doing (though he rather dislikes beef) because truly the ministers were to be all abroad somewhere to dine on hot roast venison. It is thought that, if the Queen had been at home, he would not have been so slighted. And though he shows outwardly no marks of dissatisfaction, it is suspected, that he begins to wish for her Majesty's return.

It is currently reported that poor Nanny had nothing for dinner in the kitchen, for herself and

puss, but the scrapings of the bones of Saturday's mutton.

This evening there was high play at Craven Street House. The great person lost money. It is supposed the ministers, as is usually supposed of all ministers, shared the emoluments among them.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.

This morning my good Lord Hutton call'd at Craven-Street House, and enquir'd very respectfully & affectionately concerning the welfare of the Queen. He then imparted to the big man a piece of intelligence important to them both, and but just communicated by Lady Hawkesworth, viz. that the amiable and delectable Companion, Miss D[orothea] B[lount], had made a vow to marry absolutely him of the two whose wife should first depart this life. It is impossible to express the various agitations of mind appearing in both their faces on this occasion. *Vanity* at the preference given them over the rest of mankind; *affection* to their present wives, *fear* of losing them, *hope*, if they must lose them, to obtain the proposed comfort; *jealousy* of each other in case both wives should die together, &c., &c., &c.,—all working at the same time jumbled their features into inexplicable confusion. They parted at length with professions & outward appearances indeed of ever-during friendship, but it was shrewdly suspected that each of them sincerely wished health & long life to the other's wife; & that however long either of these friends might like to live himself, the other would be very well pleas'd to survive him.

It is remark'd, that the skies have wept every day in Craven Street, the absence of the Queen.

The publick may be assured that this morning a certain *great* personage was asked very complaisantly by the mistress of the household, if he would chuse to have the blade-bone of Saturday's mutton that had been kept for his dinner to-day, *broil'd* or *cold*. He answer'd gravely, *If there is any flesh on it, it may be broil'd; if not, it may as well be cold*. Orders were accordingly given for broiling it. But when it came to table, there was indeed so very little flesh, or rather none, (Puss having din'd on it yesterday after Nanny) that if our new administration had been as good economists as they would be thought, the expense of broiling might well have been saved to the publick, and carried to the sinking fund. It is assured the *great* person bears all with infinite patience. But the nation is astonish'd at the insolent presumption, that dares treat so much mildness in so cruel a manner!

A terrible accident *had liked to have* happened this afternoon at tea. The boiler was set too near the end of the little square table. The first mistress was sitting at one end of the table to administer the tea; the *great* person was about to sit down at the other end where the boiler stood. By a sudden motion the lady gave the table a tilt. Had it gone over, the G. P. must have been scalded, perhaps to death. Various are the surmises and observations on this occasion. The godly say it would have been a just judgment on him, for preventing, by his laziness, the family's going to church last Sunday. The opposition do

not stick to insinuate that there was a design to scald him, prevented only by his quick catching the table. The friends of the ministry give it out, that he carelessly jogg'd the table himself, & would have been inevitably scalded, had not the ministress sav'd him. It is hard for the publick to come at the truth in these cases.

At six o'clock this afternoon, news came by the post, that her Majesty arrived safely at Rochester on Saturday night. The bells immediately rang, —for candles to illuminate the parlour, the Court went into cribbidge, and the evening concluded with every other demonstration of joy.

It is reported that all the principal officers of the State have received an invitation from the Dutchess Dowager of Rochester to go down thither on Saturday next. But it is not yet known whether the great affairs they have on their hands will permit them to make this excursion.

We hear that from the time of her Majesty's leaving Craven-Street House to this day, no care is taken to file the newspapers; but they lie about in every room in every window, and on every chair, just where the great person lays them when he reads them. It is impossible government can long go on in such hands.

"To the Publisher of the *Craven-Street Gazette*.

"Sir,

"I make no doubt of the truth of what the papers tell us, that a certain great person is half-starved on the blade-bone of a *sheep* (I cannot call it of *mutton*, there being none on it) by a set of the

most careless, worthless, thoughtless, inconsiderate, corrupt, ignorant, blundering, foolish, crafty, & knavish ministers, that ever got into a house and pretended to govern a family and provide a dinner. Alas for the poor old England of Craven Street! If they continue in power another week, the nation will be ruined. Undone, totally undone, if I and my friends are not appointed to succeed them. I am a great admirer of your useful and impartial paper; and therefore request you will insert this without fail, from

"Your humble servant,

"INDIGNATION."

"To the Publisher of the *Craven-Street Gazette*.

"Sir,

"Your correspondent, *Indignation*, has made a fine story in your paper against our Craven Street Ministry, as if they meant to starve his Highness, giving him only a bare blade-bone for his dinner, while they riot upon roast venison. The wickedness of writers in this age is truly amazing. I believe that if even the Angel Gabriel would condescend to be our Minister, and provide our dinners, he could scarcely escape newspaper defamation from a gang of hungry, ever-restless, discontented, and malicious scribblers.

"It is, Sir, a piece of justice you owe our righteous administration to undeceive the publick on this occasion, by assuring them of the fact, which is, that there was provided, and actually smoaking on the table under his Royal Nose at the same instant, as fine a piece of ribs of beef roasted

as ever knife was put into, with potatoes, horse-radish, pickled walnuts, &c., which his Highness might have eaten of if so he had pleased to do; and which he forbore to do merely from a whimsical opinion (with Respect be it spoken) that beef doth not with him perspire well, but makes his back itch, to his no small vexation, now that he has lost the little Chinese ivory hand at the end of a stick, commonly called a scratch back, presented to him by her Majesty. This is the truth, and if your boasted impartiality is real, you will not hesitate a moment to insert this letter in your next paper.

"I am, tho' a little angry at present,

"Yours as you behave,

"A HATER OF SCANDAL."

Junius and *Cinna* came to hand too late for this Paper, but shall be inserted in our next.

MARRIAGES, none since our last;—but Puss begins to go a courting.

DEATHS. In the back closet and elsewhere, many poor mice.

STOCKS. Biscuit—very low. Buckwheat & Indian Meal—both sour. Tea, lowering daily—in the canister. Wine, shut.

Wednesday, September 26th. Postscript.

Those in the secret of affairs do not scruple to assert roundly, that our present First Ministress is very notable, having this day been at market, bought mutton-chops, and apples 4 a penny, made an excellent applepy with her own hands, and mended two pair of breeches.

The Mr. Bache mentioned in the postscript of the following letter was the young man who four years before had married Dr. Franklin's daughter Sarah in Philadelphia. His parents lived in England and in the year this letter was written Richard Bache had come across the ocean to see if his father-in-law could not get him a government appointment.

Possibly the ease with which William Franklin had been appointed governor of New Jersey mothered the idea. But Dr. Franklin's position in England in 1771 was not so pleasant as ten years earlier. The British ministry were not now doing him any favors. He advised his son-in-law to buy a stock of goods and go back and open a store. The advice was fortified with a gift of £200.

Dr. Franklin came to Preston, where Richard Bache's family lived, at the conclusion of a fairly extended journey through Ireland and Scotland. This journey was one of the longest he took for observation. He was seven weeks in Ireland. While there he was entertained four days most hospitably by Lord Hillsborough and given the courtesy of a seat on the floor of the Irish Parliament. From Ireland he had gone to Scotland. Here he renewed acquaintance with Lord Kames, David Hume and various others, returning to London by way of Preston. He afterward wrote to his daughter Sarah that he was most agreeably entertained by Mr. Bache's mother and two sisters. The two girl friends, Polly and Dolly, had evidently sent a joint letter to Preston to greet him.

Preston, Nov. 25, 1771.

Dear Friend,

I came to this place on Saturday night, right well, and untir'd with a 70 miles' journey that day. I met with your and my Dolly's joint letter, which would have refreshed me with its kindness, if I had been ever so weary.

The account you give of a certain lady's having entertain'd a new gallant, in my absence, did not surprize me; for I have been us'd to rivals, and scarce ever had a friend or a mistress in my whole life, that other people did not like as well as myself. And, therefore, I did not wonder, when I read in the newspapers some weeks since, that "the Duke of C." (that general lover) "had made many visits of late to an old lady not many miles from Craven Street." I only wonder'd, considering the dislike she us'd to have for the family, that she would receive his visits. But as I saw, soon after, that Prince Charles had left Rome, and was gone a long journey, nobody knew whither, I made no doubt but the newswriters had mistaken the person, and that it was he, who had taken the opportunity of my absence to solace himself with his old friend.

I thank you for your intelligence about my godson. I believe you are sincere, when you say you think him as fine a child as you wish to see. He had cut two teeth, and three, in another letter, make five; for I know you never write tautologies. If I have over-reckon'd, the number will be right by this time. His being like me in so many particulars pleases me prodigiously; and I am persuaded there is another, which you have omitted,

tho' it must have occur'd to you while you were putting them down. Pray let him have everything he likes; I think it of great consequence while the features of the countenance are forming; it gives them a pleasant air, and, that being once become natural and fix'd by habit, the face is ever after the handsomer for it, and on that much of a person's good fortune and success in life may depend. Had I been cross'd as much in my infant likings and inclinations as you know I have been of late years, I should have been, I was going to say, not near to handsome; but as the vanity of that expression would offend other folk's vanity, I change it, out of regard to them, and say, a great deal more homely.

I rejoice that your good Mother's new regimen succeeds so well with her. We are to set out, my son and I, to-morrow for London, where I hope to be by the end of the week, and to find her, and you, and all yours well and happy. My love to them all. They tell me dinner is coming in, and I have yet said nothing to Dolly; but must nevertheless conclude, my dear friend, yours ever most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. I am very happy here in the pleasant family of Mr. Bache's mother and sister. Dear Dolly, I love you more than you can imagine, Yours most sincerely.

B. F.

Birmingham, 8 July, 1772.

Dear Polly,

I arrived here yesterday, in my return from the North. This morning I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 6th. I am sorry that my engagements here will not permit me to be in London on the anniversary of your wedding-day; but I repeat my wishes of happiness to you on that occasion, and pray that you may have many returns of that day, each happier than its predecessor, from a reflection on the constant felicity the nuptial state has afforded you.

I must request Mr. Hewson to get the machine sent by Osborne, if possible. The direction will be the same with that of the enclosed letter.

I rejoice to hear of all your welfares. My love to all. I hope to be in town on Sunday.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER IX
HOME IN HASTE

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There comes now a long break in the correspondence, unless there were many letters that have been lost, which is quite likely the case. Thick clouds had gathered over the lives of both Polly and Dr. Franklin.

Polly married Dr. Hewson in July, 1770. The next year her first baby was born and christened William. Two years later she had another son, Thomas Tickell. On April 18th of the next year Polly was left a widow shortly before her third child, a daughter Elizabeth, or Eliza, was born.

The young physician had wounded his hand while make a dissection and the ensuing infection proved fatal in four days.

It is inconceivable that in those bleak days Dr. Franklin was not all that the most sympathetic parent could have been. Scattered through several subsequent letters are hints that she relied on him for counsel in her financial affairs. There is not a hint in any of self-pity or mawkish mourning. She had accepted her broken life with a calmness like Franklin's own.

In December of that same year Dr. Franklin's own wife, his dear "Debby," died in Philadelphia. Her last illness, too, was brief, only five days.

On top of this personal sorrow Franklin had en-

dured a crushing indignity at the hands of the English ministry. It was the affair of the Hutchinson letters. Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts had written some letters to public men in England which represented that all sensible people in Massachusetts were whole-heartedly for the King and Parliament. Only the riff-raff were making the trouble.

These letters came into Franklin's hands and he sent them to some men in Boston. It was intended that they be shown to members of the legislature only, but in some fashion they were given publicity. When the men of Boston saw what their King-appointed governor was saying about them, the fat was in the fire. Certain of the Lords of the ministry having long wanted to attack Franklin's standing, made a point of his possession of these letters. He was hailed before the Privy Council and kept standing for three hours while Wedderburn poured abuse upon him and all that he held dear in America. His legal defender was so inadequate as to be negligible. Franklin was immediately thereafter discharged from his position as deputy postmaster of the Colonies.

This insult to a man who was honored in every civilized section of the world probably made Franklin many new friends among English leaders. It did not materially alter the swift movement of affairs.

It is curious how slow generous men are to change their loyalties. Until about 1773 Franklin was a firm believer that the source of America's

troubles was Parliament. His constant reliance was upon the King. About this time he learned definitely that the real source of the Colonies' sufferings was George the Third himself. It was a great shock to him.

Affairs rapidly grew worse. War seemed imminent. For fourteen years Franklin had tried in vain to gain an audience with the Earl of Chatham. Now came months when the Earl came to Craven Street. He and Lord Howe and Burke and many another leader in the English Parliament moved heaven and earth to gain the few concessions that would have preserved the Colonies to the Empire. The malign influence that flowed uninterruptedly from the King's closet was too strong.

On March 21st, 1775, Franklin precipitately went home from England, fearful up to the moment that he left Portsmouth that he would be apprehended.

While he was on the ocean, the affair at Lexington took place. It was a new America that welcomed him.

In days such as he was now living even so dear a correspondent as Polly must be neglected.

Craven Street, June 10, 1775.

My dear Sir,

My mother promis'd Lord Drummond to send a letter to you by him; she deputed M^r Williams to write it for her, but as he has already written by this vessel he desir'd me to do it. I pleaded being very sleepy & stupid; they said writing

would rouse and enliven me. I do not find they said true, however, I will write on.

I have the pleasure to tell you that my dear little folks are all well, they have all had the measles. My mother was urging me today to wean my little girl; I cannot tell why, for I never was in better health. I pleaded for her by saying that as she is to be your grand daughter you would be very angry if I did not let her suck a year. My mother than was silent, for absent as well as present your opinion is her law.

The next letter I write to you I hope to be able to tell you I have settled with Mr Mure, for we are now ready to make our application to him. Mr Alexander has very obligingly offer'd me his assistance as a negociator.

I ask'd my mother if she had anything to say. Only her love & that her patience is almost exhausted. It will not hold out above ten days longer if she does not hear from you.

Dolly is with her sister at Bromley who has been extremely ill but is now better. I do not attempt to give you any but domestic news, all the political you have from abler hands. I am as much as ever an American at heart &

Dear Sir

Your faithful &
affectionate

MARY HEWSON.

Remember me to
Mr & Mrs Bache
my Son & his Brother

My love to dear Temple
I long to hear——

I hope he will forgive my neglect, I often think of him tho' I confess I at this time forgot he was with you.

*(From the original in the possession of the
American Philosophical Society.)*

How slow we are while absorbed in our personal and domestic affairs to sense the turn of the tide in great public currents. Polly while protesting that she was an American at heart was yet essentially English. She did not realize that to be an American at heart would have swept her out of all her domestic life as it was even then disrupting families in the Colonies. We love her for it. She did not try to be a politician. She was content to be Dr. Franklin's friend.

The tale of the children's measles and the decision about weaning the baby were the kind of news that Franklin most wanted from her. Peace and war are only important because they promote or destroy domestic affairs. It was because of mothers and babies in America that the kindly Doctor Polly first knew, had become the determined and implacable enemy of her country.

This is the only letter we have of Franklin's to Polly that was written while in America during that eighteen months before he went to France as representative of the Continental Congress. Let us hope he wrote others. He probably did.

From the time of Dr. Hewson's death Franklin had hoped to get Polly and her children to America. Beside the pleasure of having her near at hand he felt that her modest fortune would have better chance of expansion here in America. It wasn't the time for her to come in '75 or '76 he was sure. "The situation of public affairs," made it "not eligible" then nor for a decade after.

The same "situation of public affairs" piled up on Dr. Franklin enough responsibility and physical hardship to have fatigued a young man, and he was then lacking but one year of his three-score and ten.

He was immediately made a member of the Pennsylvania government and soon after of the Continental Congress. He was made postmaster-general and set up a whole new postal system for the Colonies. His name appears on ten important committees of Congress. Beside that he served on the committee of safety for Philadelphia. He was responsible for the forts and general defense system of the Delaware River that took the English navy two months to pass. Militia were drilling in the square every day. He attended the committee of safety until nine each morning and then sat in Congress till four in the afternoon.

His years of self-control did not prevent outbursts of bitterness when he saw the sufferings of his relations and friends in Boston and Charleston. From the time he landed in May, '75, Franklin knew that all efforts at reconciliation were useless. He understood George III, Lords North and Dartmouth and their like. He was the only

American that did know them. Consider what a power he was to the Colonies. Public persons in England that were names to them he had dined with and talked to for years. George III he had stood before more than once.

He had been on friendly terms with the great William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham. Lord Howe who shortly appeared before New York with a fleet, he knew well. He was a favorite chess opponent with his sister and for months had carried on conferences in her house with the man whose guns now threatened destruction to his shores. He knew the English, knew them like a book, knew all the ins and outs of their minds and prejudices, knew their leaders and their schemes and weaknesses. He knew that there was no shadow of a chance for peace.

More than that he knew the other European peoples. His correspondence is in nine languages. Most of all he knew the French. He had stood before and talked to Louis XV and his queen. His own scientific works had been translated into French and sold throughout the Empire. They had been put also into Italian and German. He had hosts of friends in France. He had made them for his country.

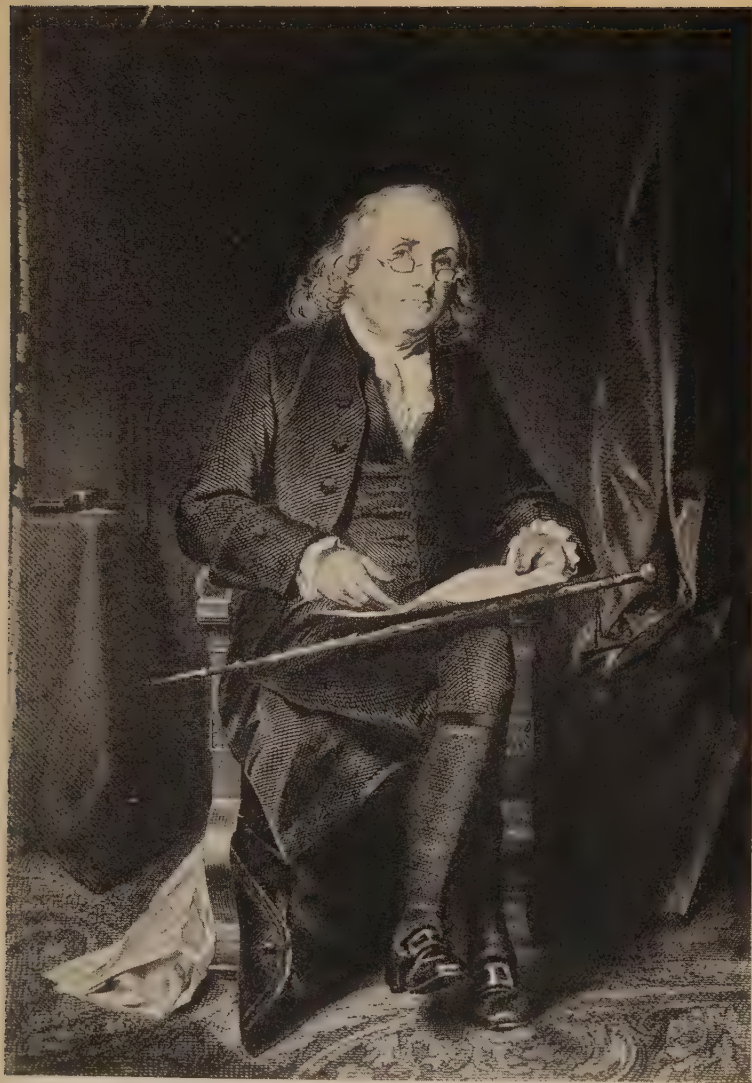
Franklin probably knew more about the foreign aspect of the present "situation of public affairs" than all his countrymen put together. Most of it was of his own handling. Intelligent Americans were not blind to all this, and the result was that he was called on for all and more than he could do.

The first military arrangements went to smash. Washington's army in New England was trickling away. Franklin visited New England with a committee and when he left, there was a permanent military system established that worked.

He made a trip into Canada with a commission that sought to enlist the Canadians. The journey was futile and almost too much for his strength. He went with John Adams and Edward Rutledge and conferred with Lord Howe, on Staten Island, at the admiral's invitation. The conference came to nothing as he knew it would.

The wonder is that he ever found time to write to any of his English friends, but he did. There is no indication of hurry or flurry about any of his correspondence during these months, only a cheerful but coldly determined policy to see the thing through. All this time too like a thorn in his heart was the defection of his son.

William Franklin had made a good governor of New Jersey. He was a man of ability and agreeable manners and was justly popular with the entire province. Despite persuasion of his father, who journeyed to Perth Amboy for the purpose, William preferred to stay with the hand that fed him. He made a mistake, a bigger one than he made when he had failed to win Polly Stevenson for his wife. The king that he mistakenly loved more than his father was not able to keep him in his place. The mild mannered and quizzical scientist and humorist was about to unclasp the royal hand from all control of the Colonies



Benjamin Franklin

and seriously damage the imperial knuckles while doing so.

In the thick of all this he wrote to Polly again.

Philada^a, July 8, 1775.

My dear Friend,

I thank you for your kind letter of April 11th. It grieves me, that the present situation of publick affairs makes it not eligible for you to come hither with your family, because I am sure you would otherwise like this country, and might provide better here for your children, at the same time that I should be made more happy by your neighbourhood and company. I flatter myself, that this may yet happen, and that our public disputes may be ended by the time your private business is settled to your mind, and then we may be all happy together.

The debt you mention of mine to Bolton remains unpaid through his own neglect. I was charg'd by Matthews £10 for the tea-kitchen, but Bolton told me I ought not to pay so much; that he would see what it should be when he got home, and send me word, which he never did. I dunn'd him for it by letters, as often as Matthews sent to me, but receiv'd no answer.

I take it kindly of my Godson, that he should remember me; my love to him. I am glad to hear the dear children are all well through the measles. I have much delight in my grandsons. Mr. and Mrs. Bache join in love to you and yours. Ben, when I delivered him your blessing, inquired the

age of Elizabeth, and thought her yet too young for him; but, as he made no other objection, and that will lessen every day, I have only to wish being alive to dance with your mother at the wedding. Temple was much oblig'd by your kind remembrance of him. He is now very happy with his father at Amboy, near New York, but returns to me in September, to prosecute his studies in our college.

I am much pleased with the contribution letter, and thank you for your share in it. I am still well and hearty, and never went thro' more business than I do at present. God knows when I shall be permitted to enjoy the repose I wish. Adieu, my very dear friend. Continue your pleasing correspondence, and believe me ever yours most affectionately.

B. FRANKLIN.

It must have taken a high degree of faith and hopefulness to write letters to a friend in America in '75 or '76. One didn't know whether they would ever arrive.

This letter did not. It came after Franklin had left America for France. Richard Bache put it among some papers and it was lost in the desk. How it ever escaped is a mystery. Maybe it fell in among the letters and papers that were removed from the Franklin home just before the British took the city. British officers occupied the house but did not do very much damage. Richard Bache wrote his father-in-law:

"They stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz., a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells that were in a box, vial-de-gambs, all the spare Armonica glasses, and one or two spare cases; your Armonica is safe. They took likewise the few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school books and the history of the Arts and Sciences in French, which is a great loss to the public; some of your electric apparatus is missing also. A Captain Andre also took with him the picture of you that hung in the dining-room. The rest of the pictures are safe and met with no damage, except the frame of Alfred which is broke to pieces."

The two following letters therefore must have been in the package of three that Dr. Franklin opened ten years later.

Dec. 12, 1775.

My dear Sir,

By not being inform'd in proper time I have miss'd several opportunities of writing to you, which I regret because I wish to live in your memory, & to convince you that you are in mine. Do not sigh at the addition I make to the packet, for I ask no return, you have enough to do without scribbling to me, & my letters you may lay by till you have a few minutes to spare for relaxation.

My mother, I suppose, writes by the same conveyance so you will have what she has to say from herself. What I have to say of her is not so pleasing as I could wish, the disorder she had in her

leg last summer is return'd, which, as it prevents her activity, lowers her spirits.

I and my little ones are well. William is grown very bookish, I cannot say he reads yet, but he is an excellent speller. The words he has learnt he does not forget and when he attempts to spell those he is acquainted with only by sound he manages very well according to the miserable rules of the present orthography, rules that are perpetually violated, that now my attention is call'd to it I am astonish'd at the power of memory which enables us to read and write. As I reckon you are soon to be sovereign and lawgiver in the Empire of America, I pray you establish your alphabet that my grandchildren may obtain the rudiments of learning more easily.

My son Tom is a genius that steps out of the common way of learning; he takes up a book & gives names to the letters, U. he calls bell & P. he calls bottle. He begins to chatter now and has some phrases of his own, a handkerchief he calls a nose kitsie. I find that by our alphabet I can convey a new sound to you with precision, which it would be impossible to do by the common rule of spelling so my *uncommon* learning is useful.

As to my daughter I cannot say much of her mental qualities at present, but her personal charms improve, I fancy she grows handsome; to give some idea of her countenance I must tell you that I trace in it a strong resemblance of my aunt Rooke, whom you us'd to call *your lovely*. She is a jolly girl, & as her shape is suffer'd to take it's natural form I believe her waist would measure

nearly equal to that of a grown up fashionable lady, in circumference I mean. I hope your countrywomen will be too wise to adopt our present preposterous modes. I long to be in America, fancying that I may there appear without distortion. Perhaps you may think our heads were come to their full size before you left our island, but I assure you their magnitude is increas'd this winter. A stranger would suppose the women were to carry burthens upon their heads, for they wear a cushion of hair almost as large as a porter's knot.

My fortune is not yet settled tho' M^r Mure appointed a day for meeting my friends, & M^r Henckell, M^r Williams & M^r Walter Blunt went and spoke for me. However, M^r M was very polite & offer'd to settle the affair to my satisfaction, agreeing to all their demands, which he acknowledg'd to be reasonable, but referr'd them to M^r Atkinson as he was more acquainted with the affairs than himself. M^r A postpon'd the looking into the affairs for a few weeks as he was much engag'd in business, which he said was a national concern—contracting with government to supply them with sheep & hogs to feed—the fish in the channel. M & A do not contract for the arrival of the stock at Boston, the place it was destin'd for by government, so they will be paid for it, & the real destiny of the chief part is what I mention'd, & most probably the rest will go into the Atlantic. The fish are our friends so I may be allow'd to rejoice at their having a feast rather than our enemies.

Mr Williams will no doubt inform you of his situation with Mr Blunt. Lady Blunt has at length produc'd a boy. I have a niece. Dolly Blunt is still with her sister who is in a deep decline. So the world goes on; it is a wonderful mixture, & I think my letter resembles it. One good thing I have always found in the world, that is friendship, & amidst all my folly you will find that in my letter; nay I flatter myself that my medley may amuse you. God bless you, and prosper your undertaking. The blessing I dare to pray for, the subsequent part of the sentence I must only wish, for tho' I believe your cause is just, I am too pious to pray for prosperity.

I am with sincere regard

My dear Sir

Your faithful &

affectionate hum^{ble} Ser^t

MARY HEWSON.

Kensington, Dec. 12, 1775.

*(From the original in the possession of the
American Philosophical Society)*

London, Sept 3, 1776.

My dear Sir,

Having a chance of sending a letter to you I would not neglect it. The Atlantic is now the *great Gulph*, indeed, for there seems no possibility of passing over it to each other. However I hope you spoke in the spirit of prophecy when you said your public affairs might be settled by the time my private ones were finished. Both

those events are yet only in expectation, but I fancy I shall conclude with M^r Mure before next year, as he has agreed to let me have bonds for the payment of the money which he acknowledges my due in five, six and seven years bearing 5 per cent int. The sum they make out rather short, I think they allow about £7000. M^r Henckell and M^r Williams stood out for some hundreds more which they thought my right, but it was determined against me by arbitration. I shall be very well satisfied with my fortune, tho I confess I am a little mortified at not having all that I ought to have, but it is all clear gain to me, for I never built much expectation upon it.

If I could be in America I think I could do very well for my dear children, who are very promising. William goes to a day school at Kensington where he has learnt to read very well; that is the only part of education he has received at present, for as I intended to take him with his brother and sister into the North to visit their grandmother as soon as I should be free to move, I delayed entering him at any superior school, and I proposed to take that journey before I determined where to fix my place of abode. Tom continues a sprightly little fellow; & Elizabeth is a fine stout girl, & improves in beauty which I will do all I can to preserve. They have had the whooping cough, which prevented my having the girl inoculated last spring, but as our expectation of hot weather is over for this year I propose to have the operation performed very soon. God grant me success.

We came all the family this morning to visit Grandmama whom we had not seen for three weeks. She has been jaunting about since she left us, first at Richmond with James & Sally Pearce, & since with Mr & Mrs Viny to Cambridge in their long carriage. I think my mother never was better than she is now. We talk of going to live together somewhere in the country, but when or where we cannot yet determine. Our hankering after America makes us hope that this horrid war may be ended before our plan is fixed.

I wrote you a long letter many months ago which was to have been conveyed by Mr Temple but it came back to me, & I have had no opportunity of writing since.

We drank your health today, the person who first proposed the toast was my son William who took up his glass of wine & water (for he is still very sober) & said "my Doctor papa's health." He came up to me this moment whispering, "Give my love to Dr papa." His nature is shy and he does not much exercise himself in ceremonies, therefore you may consider these two instances of his civility as somewhat extraordinary. I was determined to write & I had no other subjects but these to entertain you with. In the midst of your great avocations I know you will be pleased to hear of these domestic occurrences of her whom you have honoured with the name of friend & who is most sincerely and affectionately yours

MARY HEWSON.

I hope Mr & Mrs Bache with their two sons are well: And my old friend Temple. I rejoiced to hear he has the addition of Franklin, which I always knew he had some right to, and I hope he will prove worthy the honourable appellation.

*(From the original in the possession of the
American Philosophical Society.)*

CHAPTER X
THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT PARIS

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One morning rumor brought to Polly Hewson's ears the report that the world renowned Dr. Franklin had arrived at Paris. It was incredible! Later she knew it to be a fact.

Word had come to the American Congress that France was friendly to the Colonies and might be expected to extend a helping hand. The hope was enough. Congress at once proceeded to elect commissioners to go to France. It was to be an imposing embassy. Franklin was the first chosen. Thomas Jefferson could not go because of his wife's illness. Silas Deane already in France was elected and Arthur Lee then in England was appointed in Jefferson's place.

Dr. Franklin was seventy years old. When the ballot electing him was announced, he is reported to have turned to Dr. Rush with the remark, "I am old and good for nothing; but as the store-keepers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag-end and you may have me for what you please." Before he left Franklin scraped all his ready cash together and loaned it, about seventeen thousand dollars, to Congress.

He took with him Temple Franklin, then seventeen, and Sarah Franklin Bache's seven-year-old boy, Benjamin Franklin Bache. The voyage was

made in a sloop of war, the *Reprisal*, in furious weather but fast time. He risked his life in this venture for escape was made from pursuing British war vessels more than once. He was in Nantes on December 7th. His arrival was the sensation of Europe that year.

Franklin's popularity in France was amazing. The causes of this celebrity were many and cumulative. His electrical discoveries made him seem a sort of Merlin to the plain people. The *Sayings of Poor Richard* were popular and he was always further saying something new and quotable. His career as printer and publisher had helped to make him known everywhere.

His breadth of mind in religious things made all parties feel that he was religious and must, of course, belong to their faction. His non-affiliation with any sect made all the deists and irreligious feel that he was with them. Beside all this, his political cause was popular and he himself possessed that social charm, mental originality and lofty character that would nowhere enlist more admiration than with the French.

He spent the nine years that he lived in France breathing the incense of adulation. His heart was too sound and his head too hard for any noticeable effect. The admiration did not tend to diminish as time went on, but rather the reverse. His picture was everywhere and on everything. He came to have on his list of personal friends nearly every person of literary or scientific distinction in Paris. He had been since 1772 a member of the French Academy and was now elected a member of a be-

wildering list of literary and scientific societies.

His social life was so strenuous that it is hard to see how a man of his age kept it up. He wrote to Mrs. Stevenson that he dined out six days a week and at home on Sunday with little Benny Bache and his school friends.

Polly was not long left in the dark about her friend's being in Paris. He had not been at the Hotel de Hamburg more than three weeks when this next letter was written.

The reference to the martin cap was a device that he used for a short time. His hair was very thin and he did not like the bother of a wig. Hence the cap. He did not keep it very long, however. With all his originality Franklin avoided making himself odd.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1777.

My dear, dear Polly,

Figure to yourself an old man, with gray hair appearing under a martin fur cap, among the powder'd heads of Paris. It is this odd figure that salutes you, with handfuls of blessings on you and your dear little ones.

On my arrival here, Mlle. Biheron¹ gave me great pleasure in the perusal of a letter from you to her. It acquainted me that you and yours were well in August last. I have with me here my

¹ Mademoiselle Biheron (1730?-1815), a Parisian artist who made extraordinarily accurate anatomical reproductions in wax. She studied human anatomy with enthusiasm, dissecting the corpses of soldiers. Her excellent imitations of the human form in wax were exhibited in Paris on Wednesdays (admission three livres). The collection finally became the property of Catherine II. She was a friend of Dr. Dubourg, and in that way Franklin became acquainted with her. Note from Smyth.

young grandson, Benja. Franklin Bache, a special good boy. I give him a little French language and address, and then send him over to pay his respects to Miss Hewson. My love to all that love you, particularly to dear Polly. I am ever, my dear friend, your affectionate

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Temple, who attends me here, presents his respects. I must contrive to get you to America. I want all my friends out of that wicked country. I have just seen in the papers 7 paragraphs about me, of which 6 were lies.

Paris, Jan. 26, 1777.

Dear Polly,

I wrote a few lines to you by Dr. B[ancroft], and have since seen your letter to Jona. by which I have the great pleasure of learning, that you and yours were well on the 17th.

What has become of my and your dear Dolly? Have you parted? for you mention nothing of her. I know your friendship continues; but perhaps she is with one of her brothers. How do they all do?

I have not yet receiv'd a line from my dear old friend, your mother. Pray tell me where she is, and how it is with her. Jonathan, who is now at Nantes, told me that she had a lodging in Northumberland Court. I doubt her being comfortably accommodated there. Is Miss Barwell a little more at rest, or as busy as ever? Is she well?

My dear dear Polly.

Paris, Jan. 12. 1777.

A Figure to yourself an old Man with grey Hair appearing under a Martin Fur Cap, among the Powdered Heads of Paris. — It is this old Figure that salutes you; with handfuls of Blessings on you & your dear little ones. —

On my Arrival here, M^{lle} Bihoron gave me great Pleasure in the Perusal of a Letter from you to her, — It acquainted me that you & yours were well in August last. — I have with me here my young Grandson Ben^{je} Franklin Bache, a special good Boy. I give him a little French Language & Ad- dress, and then send him over to pay his Respects to Miss Steucon.

My Love to all that love you, particularly to dear Dolly. — I am ever, my dear Friend,

Your affectionate

P. S.

And how fares it with our good friends of the Henckel family?

But, principally, I want to know how it is with you. I hear you have not quite settled yet with those people. I hope, however, that you have a sufficient income, and live at your ease, and that your money is safe out of the funds. Does my Godson remember anything of his Doctor Papa? I suppose not. Kiss the dear little fellow for me; [not?] forgetting the others. I long to see them and you. What became of the lottery ticket I left with your good mother, which was to produce the diamond earrings for you? Did you get them? If not, fortune has wrong'd you, for you *ought* to have had them. I am, my dear friend, ever yours with sincere esteem and affection,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. 27th. Jany. They tell me, that, in writing to a lady from Paris, one should always say something about the fashions. Temple observes them more than I do. He took notice, that at the ball in Nantes, there were no heads less than 5 and a few were 7 lengths of the face, above the top of the forehead. You know that those who have practis'd drawing, as he has, attend more to proportions, than people in common do. Yesterday we din'd at the Duke de Rochefoucault's, where there were three dutchesses and a countess, and no head higher than a face and a half. So, it seems, the farther from court, the more extravagant the mode.

All the rest of Dr. Franklin's letters to Polly written during his residence in France were dated from Passy. He was now past seventy and not in the best of health. The voyage over had been hard on him. The sea diet was unsuitable and he always suffered from seasickness. He was very weak when he arrived at Nantes, too exhausted in fact by his hardship to make immediately the journey to Paris. He spent some days at the country home of a hospitable Frenchman, M. Gruel.

The characteristic frame of Franklin's mind at this time is shown by an encounter that he is said to have had with the historian Gibbon on the journey up to Paris. Though Parton, Franklin's biographer, in quoting it says that it is unsupported, it is in the class of things that "ought to be true."

The incident runs as follows: On stopping at a certain inn Dr. Franklin was informed that Gibbon, the historian, was under the same roof. "Franklin sent his compliments, requesting the pleasure of spending the evening with Mr. Gibbon. In answer he received a card importing that notwithstanding Mr. Gibbon's regard for the character of Dr. Franklin as a man and a philosopher, he could not reconcile it with his duty to his king to have any conversation with a revolted subject! Franklin in reply wrote a note declaring that 'though Mr. Gibbon's principles had compelled him to withhold the pleasure of his conversation, Dr. Franklin had still such a respect for the character of Mr. Gibbon as a gentleman and a historian, that when, in the course

of his writing the history of the decline and fall of empires, the decline and fall of the British Empire should come to be his subject, as he expects it soon would, Dr. Franklin would be happy to furnish him with ample materials which were in his possession.' "

At Paris Franklin lived at first, as we have seen with Mr. Silas Deane at the Hotel de Hamburg. Within a few weeks it was evident that he would have to secure a quieter residence. The noise and whirr of Paris was too much for him, and his location submitted him to an excessive number of visitors.

Good fortune favored him in Paris as it had in London. M. de Chaumont offered him part of his own sumptuous residence at Passy. He would accept no refusal and no rent. It was for America. If the colonies were successful, they could at some future time make him a grant of land in the liberated territory.

Passy was a village about two miles from the center of the city and a half mile beyond the limits as they then were. A delightful location on high ground, it overlooked a varied landscape of river, woods, chateaux and farms. Here Dr. Franklin lived with a suitable establishment of servants. He maintained a coach. Later he set up a small, private press which he used to print small things for the amusement of his friends. More than once it gave out a few pages that must have made George III and his friends wince.

The nine years that Franklin spent in France were the most exacting of his whole life. He paid

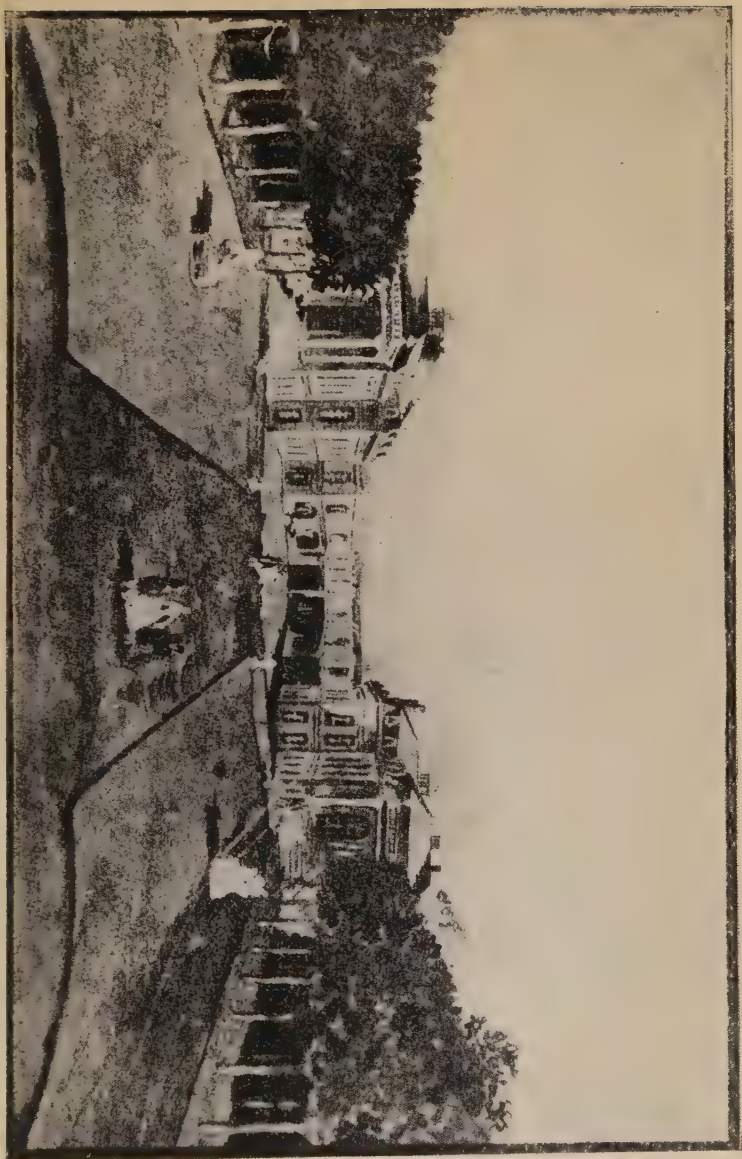
for them by passing through several severe illnesses. Younger men, led by the Great Washington, endured the physical hardship and terrors of the war. This old cosmopolitan philosopher endured weary years coaxing millions from the semi-bankrupt French treasury. He loved peace and orderliness and he was engaged in making a straggling and vindictive war.

He did it superlatively well. The New Englanders clapped their hands when his first ship, containing clothes, shoes and weapons for 25,000 men, landed on their stern and rockbound coast. Those ships kept coming as long as the war lasted. Not until after the surrender of Burgoyne was Franklin received by King Louis XVI as an official envoy. He soon embroiled England and France in a naval war and conducted a series of raids on English commerce under privateers like John Paul Jones and John Wilkes.

Probably the "imponderable" of the moral support of the French nation contributed as much to American success as the munitions and fleets. It certainly hurt the English. Since the days when Archimedes set fire to the Roman ships with giant reflectors, philosophers have been dangerous men when once they have given themselves to making war.

The first part of his French residence Franklin had to endure humiliating friction in his official family. When Lafayette returned on furlough in February, 1779, the violent and suspicious Arthur Lee was removed and the equally violent and persistent trouble maker, Ralph Izard, was effectively

FRONT VIEW OF FRANKLIN'S PROBABLE RESIDENCE AT PASSY



silenced. Thereafter Franklin was minister plenipotentiary, *de jure* and *de facto*. It was a long, wearing grind till Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown in the fall of 1781. Between that time and September, 1783, Franklin was engaged in the perplexing task of negotiating a treaty of peace.

One would expect that the correspondence with Polly would have flourished during all this period. If it did there is none of it that has survived. Letters may have been lost, of course, like the one of which he preserved the rough draft and forwarded fifteen months later. It is more likely that it was not wholly advisable that she should be actively corresponding with one who in England was officially a rebel.

By '82, however, the difficulties imposed by war were lightening. Peace was in prospect. The exchange of letters from now on appears to be much increased. There is even talk of visiting. Franklin would have liked to see England again. He never did. Polly, however, as we shall see, visited him at Passy.

The Mr. Viny referred to in the next letter was a mutual friend, a wheel maker. A decade previously he had thought of emigrating to America. Franklin had not been enthusiastic about the project. From the frequent reference to him he must have a warm place in Dr. Franklin's regard.

Benny Bache had been sent to a school in Geneva. His grandfather thought it better for him to be in a Protestant country. Apparently Polly had offered to send some books to the boy.

Passy, April 13, 1782.

My dear Friend,

I received your kind letter of the 23rd of December. I rejoice always to hear of your and your good mother's welfare, tho' I can write but seldom, and safe opportunities are scarce. Looking over some old papers, I find the rough draft of a letter, which I wrote to you 15 months ago, and which probably miscarried, or your answer miscarried, as I never receiv'd any. I enclose it, as the spring is coming on, and the same proposition will now again be in season, and easily executed, if you should approve of it.

You mention Mr. Viny's being with you. What is his present situation? I think he might do well with his wheel business in this country. By your newspapers, Jacob seems to have taken it to himself. Could he not make up a good coach, with the latest useful improvements, and bring you all in it? It would serve here as a specimen of his abilities, if he chose to stay, or would sell well, if he chose to return. I hope your mother has got over her lowness of spirits about the dropsy. It is common for aged people to have at times swell'd ancles towards evening; but it is a temporary disorder, which goes off of itself, and has no consequences. My tender love to her.

If you have an opportunity of sending to Geneva, I like well enough your sending the books thither for my grandson, who goes on well there. You do well to keep my granddaughter without stays. God bless her and all of you.

You may imagine I begin to grow happy in my prospects. I should be quite so, if I could see peace and good will restored between our countries; for I enjoy health, competence, friends, and reputation. *Peace* is the only ingredient wanting to my felicity. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

From the time that peace became likely the correspondence seems to have picked up amazingly. Dr. Franklin was never more occupied, but the hope of an enduring peace brightened all his thoughts.

Polly lost no time in answering his letter that we have just read. A good deal of time was lost in getting it to her. Mail now goes from Paris to London in five hours and less. This letter took more than two weeks.

Polly's boys, William and Thomas, about nine and ten years old were in school at Cheam.

The invitation that flatters her but which she thinks she cannot quite afford is probably one to come and visit him at Passy. He kept it open, however, and about two years later she did come over to see her old friend.

An armistice had been arranged between England and the Colonies, but peace was by no means certain. Polly had written Dr. Franklin and mutual friends had carried the letters. Mr. Hodgson was a sympathizer with the Colonies and had helped in the exchange of prisoners. Mr. Oswald

was a London merchant, a man of fine character, through whom Franklin conducted some of the most difficult parts of the peace negotiations.

Kensington, May 1, 1782.

Dear Sir,

I yesterday received yours of the 13th April, and as Mr. Hodgson, in the note which inclosed it, offers to forward an answer I sit down to write one, tho' I wrote to you last Saturday by Mr. W. to acknowledge that which he brought us from you.

I sent some of the books, but as I left him free to refuse taking them if they would incumber him, I am not certain you will have more than one by him, that one I desired him not to refuse. I selected that as being peculiarly adapted to please and interest your grandson, from this circumstance among others, that he will there find your name frequently mentioned. I judge so from the effect it had on my young folks, for if ever they opened the book where they found your name that passage was sure to be read with delight, as something which nearly concerned them.

I have still money in hand for my young men's libraries, so the rest of Mr. Bache's books I will send to Geneva, if I can convey them thither more conveniently than to Paris, but perhaps that may not now be the case. I am obliged to you for intending the Persian tales for my son. He learns French at Mr. Gilpin's, and as far as I can judge is a tolerable proficient in it.

I had my boys at home a fortnight at Easter, and during that time I gave them every amusement

that I thought would contribute to open and improve their minds; and I had the satisfaction of seeing them set off on their return to school without a murmur, or even a look of discontent. As they were very sorrowful when I left Cheam I feared they would not have behaved so heroically at leaving me.

I came to this place purely to gratify my mother, who found Cheam so extremely dull that it lowered her spirits; my heart is still there, but as I have great confidence in those whose care my sons are under, and as I have here better opportunities of keeping up connections, I flatter myself that my removal will, upon the whole, be beneficial to the dear children.

They are all very good and very clever too. My girl was highly pleased with your telling me I do right to keep her without stays. Her reflection upon it when she was going to bed last night was, "It is very curious Grandmama should want me to wear stays when her best friend, the one she thinks most of, says you do right to keep me without."

I thank you for inclosing the copy of the old letter, for that letter never came to me, and so I lose the sight of what you tell me would shew I have already some character in France: this loss is a mortification to my vanity. Your invitation is flattering; prudence alone keeps me from accepting it. This has already been to me a year of expense and loss; moving from Cheam has cost me some money. I have here a higher rented house with many other charges, and I had upwards of £500 in Collinson's house at the time of the bank-

ruptcy. Now, tho' (I thank God) all these things my pocket and my temper can very well bear, they have made sufficient impression to oblige me to think what I can afford.

Our friends from Black Friars dined with us last Sunday. His business now is making common wheels, and repairing carriages. We delivered to him the verbal message we received by Mr. W. which was not exactly what you wrote, for we understood that you meant the carriage for yourself. Mr. V. says he knows of a coach that was built purposely for travelling, has a set of his wheels to it, and has never been used, which will be sold for at least one-third less than it cost. If you wish to have it he would purchase it for you.

My mother talks of visiting you this summer, and if she can get a companion I believe she will.

I rejoice in the prospect of peace; if it should be restored between the countries, we probably may meet. I am

Dear Sir

Your ever affectionate

MARY HEWSON.

*(From the original in the possession of the Library
of the University of Pennsylvania)*

Passy, June 13, 1782.

My dear child,

I received your pleasing letter of the 1st of May, thro' the hands of Mr. Hodgson, and one since by Mr. Oswald. You cannot be more pleas'd in talking about your children, your methods of instruct-

ing them, and the progress they make, than I am in hearing it, and in finding, that, instead of following the idle amusements, which both your fortune and the custom of the age might have led you into, your delight and your duty go together, by employing your time in the education of your offspring. This is following nature and reason, instead of fashion; than which nothing is more becoming the character of a woman of sense and virtue.

We have here a female writer on education, who has lately publish'd three volumes, that are much talked of. I will send them to you by the first opportunity. They are much prais'd and much censur'd. The author, Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, is made, in consequence of her writing that work, governess of the children of the Duc de Chartres, who is son of the Duke of Orleans. Perhaps you may not find much in it, that can be of use to you, but you may find something.

I enclose another piece on the same subject, written by another Comtesse, Madame de Forbach, who does me the honour of calling me her friend, by which means I have a copy, it not being publish'd. When you have leisure, I shall like to see your remarks.

Do not send any books to Geneva. The troubles of that city have driven the school and my boy out of it, and I have thoughts of sending for him home. Perhaps I may put him for a while under your care, to recover his English in the same school with your sons.

I hope with you, that there may be a peace, and

that we may once more meet. Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Vining.² I do not at present want a carriage. Embrace your good mother for me with much affection, and believe me to be, my dear friend, yours ever,

B. FRANKLIN.

² Probably Viny.

CHAPTER XI
ACROSS THE CHANNEL

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ACROSS THE CHANNEL

About Dr. Shuttleworth we know nothing except that he wanted an introduction to Dr. Franklin and carried this letter to pay for it. Polly was playfully puffing herself up that people should be coming to her for introductions to her American friend who now was a world character indeed.

Dr. Franklin was interested in her intelligent devotion to a proper education of her children. The Madame de Genlis that they speak about was a contemporary French educator. She wrote many books on the subject, particularly with reference to the development of young children. One suspects that she was a sort of faddist. Polly had her doubts about her.

Little Elizabeth Hewson was to be brought up free from the cramping of the fashionable "stays." And Polly believed that mothers should nurse their own children just as long as they could, or a year at least. She was like her illustrious friend, quite modern. Ever since her little girl had been born, they had been joking about a match between her and Benny Bache.

Kensington, July 19, 1782.

Dear Sir,

Dr. Shuttleworth informed me that he intended going to Paris in order to consult you upon some

American business of his own, and desired an introduction from me. He attended Mr. Hewson's lectures, and as he has dined several times at our table you probably may have seen him. He was in Maryland with Mr. Eden.

I am highly delighted with the importance I am grown into since the change of affairs, but still more so with the frequent opportunities of hearing from you, and writing to you. A letter arrived here two days ago by the penny post, which I knew to be your hand, but I am ignorant of the contents, for as it was addressed to my mother, I dispatched it to her unopened. She is upon a visit to Mrs. Le Ponthieu at Richmond.

I do not recollect whether I ever told you the plan Mrs. Wilkes was upon at that place. She took a very genteel house for the accommodation of six young ladies at £100 a year each. She had her complement, and by her assiduity in their improvement gave general satisfaction, and gained great applause with a comfortable subsistence. But it is her fate never to be settled.

She expected her eldest son from New York to settle in business here, and seeing the impropriety of her house being his home while she had young ladies of 16 & 17 under her care she acquainted their friends, and they were all taken away immediately, except two, one of which was Bolton's daughter, a little girl, and now she is gone; so Mrs. W. remains upon an expensive establishment with only £100 a year to support it.

The death of Mr. Weir obliged Jack to return to N. York and by the last accounts I find he, and

Dear Sir

Minisigton July 19. 1788

Dr Shuttleworth informed me -
that he intended going to Paris in order to
consult you upon some American business
of his own, and desired an introduction from
me: He attended Mr Newton's lectures, and
as he has dined several times at our table you
probably may have seen him. He was in
Maryland with Mr Eden.

I am highly delighted with the importance
I am grown into since the change of affairs, but
still more so with the frequency of hearing
from you, and writing to you. ^{opportunities} My letter ar-
rived here two days ago by the penny post,
which I knew to be your hand, but I am
ignorant of the content, for as it was addressed
to my mother I dispatched it to her unopened.
She is upon a visit to Mrs ~~2~~ Conthion at Rich-
mond. I do not recollect whether I ever told you the

particularly with regard to suckling and flays.
You will not wonder, as you know how steadily
I professed in one of my tenets, and I have told
you how absolutely I adhere to the other.
We left our party upon the little piece

You define my remarks upon the little piece
you did me the favour to send of Mad^e De Forbach's.
No labour is required for me to do that, as I can
not make a single objection, and my comment would
be only an exact repetition of what she has said.

As you have thus assisted to enlighten my mind
you will add much to my satisfaction by placing
the confidence in me you flatter me with, by send-
ing your grandson to me. I think my daughter
and he would soon have both languages at com-
mand. To make you some return for what
you have sent me, I enclose the rules of the
School where my boys are. I should have great
pleasure in placing Bache there.

I am with true esteem.

Dear Sir
your obliged and
most obedient hum. Ser^t

Mary Hewson

Heaton, 27 Dec 1782

his brother, who is with him, can do nothing there unless we should have a peace. Mr. Wilkes went with Mr. Davidson to Algiers but, as usual, was soon dissatisfied, and returned. The mother is dead, but her jointure you know was made over to creditors long ago, and she left no more than £300 to Israel & his family.

What will become of them I cannot tell, nor should I trouble you with this detail had not Mrs. W. once hinted that she thought herself qualified to teach English in France, and as we find that is now so much in fashion, perhaps you may be able to recommend her, or at least you can tell us how far such a scheme may be eligible. She is certainly more mistress of the two languages than any woman I know.

I thank you, Sir, for the books you sent me by Baron Dimsdale. They afforded me much entertainment, and some hints that I hope to profit by. *Mad^e de Genlis* is quite the mode in England. She has a numerous train of admirers here, and not one censurer that I have heard of. Upon the whole I think she deserves the applause she gains; I honour her for her talents and the use she makes of them, and in general I approve her reasoning; but I detect her sophistry in some points particularly with regard to suckling and stays. You will not wonder, as you know how steadily I persevered in one of my tenets, and I have told you how obstinately I adhere to the other.

You desire my remarks upon the little piece you did me the favour to send of *Mad^e de Forbach's*. No leisure is required for me to do that, as I can-

not make a single objection, and my comment would be only an exact repetition of what she has said.

As you have thus assisted to enlighten my mind, you will add much to my satisfaction by placing the confidence in me you flatter me with, by sending your grandson to me. I think my daughter and he would soon have both languages at command. To make you some return for what you have sent me, I enclose the rules of the school where my boys are. I should have great pleasure in placing Bache there.

I am with true esteem

Dear Sir

Your obliged and

most obedient hum. Sert

MARY HEWSON.

{From the original in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania}

Passy, July, 1782.¹

I send you a few of your translations. I did not put your name as the translator (which I at first intended,) because I apprehended it might *look like* vanity in you; and, as I shall otherwise make it known, I think the omitting it will *look like* modesty.

Present my sincere love to your mother. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to see you both once more, well and happy. But you,

¹ The date of this letter is uncertain. Smyth gives it as June. It is evidently in answer to Polly's letter of July 19th, therefore it must have been subsequent to hers in July.

who are truly sagacious and honest, and can give good advice, tell me frankly your sentiments, whether, in case of a peace, it will be prudent in me to visit England, before I return to America. I have no other call there, but the pleasure of seeing my friends, of whom I must again soon take leave, and my appearing may perhaps exasperate my enemies. If you think this not of serious consequence, tell me whether I may come right through London to Kensington, with the view of finding room in your house; or whether I should take a lodging in the city to return to. Do not let me in the least incommode you.

I forget whether I ever acknowledged the receipt of the prints of Mr. Hewson. I have one of them framed in my study. I think it very like. I believe I acquainted you with good Mr. Dubourg's death. He had enlarged his little piece, which you translated; and, in respect for his memory, I have had it printed. I enclose a copy.

I am sorry to learn the still unsettled state of Mr. [Wilkes'] family. Mrs. [Wilkes] is undoubtedly well qualified to teach English here, but I cannot think it would be worth her while to come hither for that purpose. It is true, that our language is in vogue here, and many learn a little of it, but the instructors are poorly paid, and the employ precarious and uncertain; this observation is so general, as to have given rise to a proverb, *Pauvre comme un maître de langues*. Your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

Passy, Aug. 17, 1782.

My dear good Child,

I received your kind letter by Dr. Shuttleworth. It always gives me great pleasure to hear of the welfare of you and yours. As to myself, I continue as hearty as at my age could be expected, and as chearful as ever you knew me, hoping ere long to see peace and my friends, whose continued regard for me, after so long and so thorough an acquaintance with me, I esteem among my honours and felicities.

It is now a quarter of a century since our friendship commenc'd; and, tho' we lived much of the time together, it has never been interrupted by the smallest misunderstanding or coolness. In this observation I include your good mother, from whom I had lately the pleasure of receiving a few lines. I embrace you both with the most tender affection, being ever sincerely yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

Polly's mother, Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, had died. Dr. Franklin deeply felt her passing. She must have been an affectionate and mothering sort of woman of unusual common sense and loyalty. Few landladies could deserve the tribute that Dr. Franklin gives to her in the succeeding letter.

Passy, Jan. 27, 1783.

The departure of my dearest friend, which I learn from your last letter, greatly affects me. To meet with her once more in this life was one of the principal motives of my proposing to visit Eng-

land again, before my return to America. The last year carried off my friends Dr. Fothergill, Lord Kames, and Lord le Despencer. This has begun to take away the rest, and strikes the hardest. Thus the ties I had to that country, and indeed to the world in general, are loosened one by one, and I shall soon have no attachment left to make me unwilling to follow.

I intended writing when I sent the 11 books, but I lost the time in looking for the 12th. I wrote with that; and hope it came to hand. I therein ask'd your counsel about my coming to England. On reflection, I think I can, from my knowledge of your prudence, foresee what it will be, viz. not to come too soon, lest it should seem braving and insulting some who ought to be respected. I shall, therefore, omit that journey till I am near going to 'America, and then just step over to take leave of my friends, and spend a few days with you. I purpose bringing Ben with me, and perhaps may leave him under your care.

At length we are in peace, God be praised, and long, very long, may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a dye, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.

Spring is coming on, when travelling will be delightful. Can you not, when your children are all at school, make a little party, and take a trip hither? I have now a large house, delightfully

situated, in which I could accommodate you and two or three friends, and I am but half an hour's drive from Paris.

In looking forward, twenty-five years seems a long period, but, in looking back, how short! Could you imagine, that 'tis now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? It was in 1757. During the greatest part of the time, I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course you and I saw and convers'd with each other much and often. It is to all our honours, that in all that time we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without the least cloud in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you, what I have had too frequent occasions to say to my other remaining old friends, "The fewer we become, the more let us love one another." Adieu, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER XII
CHILDREN, SCHOOL AND BOOKS

CHAPTER XII

CHILDREN, SCHOOL AND BOOKS

Our stage is set with a good many dramatic personæ, but each helps out the picture. The Mr. Williams here mentioned and elsewhere called "Jonathan" and "Joha" is Franklin's nephew, a native of Boston. Though he had a good position in London he came early in the war to Paris and cast in his lot with the American cause. He rendered yeoman service in untangling naval affairs, prizes, etc., at Nantes.

Passy, April 26, 1783.

My dear Friend,

I received in its time your kind letter of Feb. 22. I am sensible of the prudence of your advice respecting my coming to England, and shall follow it. Accept my thanks for that, and for your kind invitation to Cheam, when I do come; but the little left of life at my age will, perhaps, hurry me home, as soon as I can be quit of my employment here. I should, indeed, have great pleasure in seeing you, and in being some time with you and your little family. I cannot have all I wish.

Mr. Williams is now here with his family. I shall mention to him his now answering your letter. We talk'd yesterday of you, and of his friend Dolly, whom I have not forgotten, as she supposes. He express'd the highest esteem and regard for

you both. My love to her when you see her. I send you some more of the little books, and am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Passy, Sept. 7, 1783.

My dear Friend,

I received your kind letter of the 9th past. I am glad, that the little books are pleasing to you and your children, and that the children improve by them. I send you herewith some more of them.

My grandson Bache has been four years at school at Geneva, and is but lately come home to me here. I find reason to be satisfied with the improvement he has made in his learning. He translates common Latin readily into French, but his English has suffer'd for want of use; tho' I think he would readily recover it, if he were awhile at your school at Cheam, and at the same time be going on with his Latin and Greek. You were once so kind as to offer to take him under your care; would that be still convenient to you? He is docile and of gentle manners, ready to receive and follow good advice, and will set no bad example to your *other* children. He gains every day upon my affections.

I long much to see you and yours, and my other friends in England, but I have not yet determined on the journey. Our definitive Treaty of Peace being now sign'd, I have indeed less to confine me here, and might make a short excursion without much inconvenience; but short days and winter are

coming on, and I think I can hardly undertake such an expedition before the spring of next year.

With regard to the future establishment of your children, which you say you want to consult me about, I am still of opinion, that America will afford you more chances of doing it well than England. All the means of good education are plenty there, the general manners are simple and pure, temptations to vice and folly fewer, the profits of industry in business as great and sure as in England; and there is one advantage more, which your command of money will give you there, I mean the laying out a part of your fortune in new land, now to be had extremely cheap; but which must be increas'd immensely in value, before your children come of age, by the rapid population of the country. If you should arrive there while I live, you know you may depend on every assistance in my power to afford you, and I think my children will have a pleasure too in serving their father's friend. I do not offer it as a motive, that you will be much esteem'd and respected there; for that you are, and must be, everywhere; but give me leave to flatter myself, that my being made happier in my last years by your neighbourhood and society may be some inducement to you.

I forwarded your letter to Mr. Williams. Temple is always with me, being my secretary. He presents his respects to you. I have been lately ill with a fit of the gout, if that may indeed be called a disease. I rather suspect it to be a remedy, since I always find my health and vigour of mind

improv'd after the fit is over. I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. You say you are a little afraid that our country is spoiled. Parts of it have indeed suffered by the war, those situated near the sea; but the body of the country has not been much hurt, and the fertility of our soil, with the industry of our people, now that the commerce of all the world is open to us, will soon repair the damages receiv'd, and introduce that prosperity, which we hope providence intends for us, since it has so remarkably favour'd our revolution.

Passy, Dec. 26, 1783.

Dear Polley,

In reading Mr. Viny's letter, when I receiv'd it, I miss'd seeing yours, which was written behind it in a corner. I thank you much for your kind offer respecting my grandson. I was fully resolv'd on sending him in September last, and engag'd Mr. Jay, one of my colleagues, then going to England, to take him over in his company. But, when it came to be propos'd to him, he show'd such an unwillingness to leave me, and Temple such a fondness for retaining him, that I concluded to keep him till I should go over myself. He behaves very well, and we love him very much.

I send herewith two different French Grammars, not knowing which to prefer, opinions here being divided. Your French master may take his choice, and you will present the other to my God-

son, as my New Year's gift, with the two volumes of *Synonymes Françaises*, an excellent work. They will be left at Mr. Hodgson's, merchant in Coleman Street, where you may have them on sending for them.

Adieu, my dear friend. I long to see you and yours, but God only knows when that may happen. I am, nevertheless, yours most affectionately,
B. FRANKLIN.

January 1st, 1784. Health, and prosperity, and many happy years to my dear friend and her children, for whom I send the enclosed little books.

Passy, March 19, 1784.

You will forget me quite, my dear old friend, if I do not write to you now and then.

I still exist, and still enjoy some pleasure in that existence, tho' now in my 79th year. Yet I feel the infirmities of age come on so fast, and the building to need so many repairs, that in a little time the owner will find it cheaper to pull it down and build a new one. I wish, however, to see you first, but I begin to doubt the possibility. My children join in love to you and yours, with your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

Temple Franklin carried the next letter to Polly. He went from France to England on a happy errand. Patched quarrels were next best to none at all in Dr. Franklin's mind. The treaty of peace with England had been signed and William

Franklin had written from England asking for a reconciliation with his father. Franklin wrote him very kindly and sent his grandson Temple over to see his father.

About this time Franklin urged Congress to terminate his tenure of office, but they did not consent so he had to stay on. One of the interesting things that he would have missed, had he gone home was serving on the commission that King Louis appointed to investigate Mesmer and Mesmerism. That poor fraud was most unfortunate in Franklin's appointment. The good doctor served and so well that Mesmer fled the country.

Passy, Aug. 15, 1784.

Dear Friend,

I received your kind letter of July 22. I wish you had executed your project of taking a little trip to see me this summer. You would have made me very happy, and might have bath'd your children here, as well as at Southampton, I having a bath in my house, besides the river in view. I like your monthly account of them, and in return send you my daughter's account of my grandchildren at Philadelphia. You will see she expected me home this summer; but my constituents have sent me a new commission, and I must stay another winter. Can you not come and pass it with me here?

Temple, who proposes to have the pleasure of delivering this to you, will explain to you how you may be accommodated, and, if you can resolve to

come, will conduct you. Except being at home, which I begin now to fear I never shall be, nothing could give me greater pleasure. Come, my dear friend, live with me while I stay here, and go with me, if I do go, to America. Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

By this time it is apparent that with all her affection for Dr. Franklin, Polly Stevenson Hewson kept her decisions in her own hands. The doctor liked her all the more for that.

His often repeated wish that she would come to see him was not quickly granted, though without a doubt her heart always said yes. There were the children. France was France. Polly might be an American at heart, but she never said that she was French. She could not leave the three children in England and was not sure that she should interfere with their studies and subject them to French influences.

Affection for her aging friend tipped the scales at last. It must have been a joyous family group there at Passy in the winter of 1784-85. Dr. Franklin, Temple and Benny Bache, Mrs. Polly Stevenson Hewson, William, Thomas and little Elizabeth, who never knew, of course, how the old folks had joked about her future marriage into the Franklin family. It was over all too soon. Dr. Franklin was lonelier than ever. He is more than ready to take the "fag-end" back to America.

Passy, May 5, 1785.

My dear, dear Friend,

I receiv'd your little letter from Dover, which gave me great pleasure, as it inform'd me of your happy progress so far in your way home. I hope the rest of your journey was as prosperous.

You talk of obligations to me, when in fact I am the person oblig'd. I pass'd a long winter, in a manner that made it appear the shortest of any I ever past. Such is the effect of pleasing society, with friends one loves.

I have now receiv'd my permission to return, and am making my preparations. I hope to get away in June. I promise myself, or rather flatter myself, that I shall be happy when at home. But, however happy that circumstance may make me, your joining me there will surely make me happier, provided your change of country may be for the advantage of your dear little family. When you have made up your mind on the subject, let me know by a line, that I may prepare a house for you as near me, and other wise as convenient for you, as possible.

My neighbours begin to come out from Paris, and replace themselves in their Passy houses. They enquire after you, and are sorry you are gone before they could make themselves known to you. For those who did know you speak well of you. M. le Veillard, in particular, has told me at different times, what indeed I knew long since, *C'est une bien digne femme, cette Madame Hewson, une tres aimable femme.* I would not tell you this if I thought it would make you

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAWING OF FRANKLIN'S HOUSE



vainer than you are; but that is impossible; you have too much good sense.

So wish me a good voyage, and, when you pray at church for all that travel by land or sea, think of your ever affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. My love to William, and Thomas, and Eliza, and tell them I miss their chearful prattle. Temple being sick, and Benjamin at Paris, I have found it very *triste* breakfasting alone, and sitting alone, and without any tea in the evening.

CHAPTER XIII
THE LAST VOYAGE

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THE LAST VOYAGE

After the years of conflict and danger, carrying the penalties of other peoples' stubbornness and prejudice, the aged Franklin is about to go home for the only peace and quiet that he ever knew since at forty-two he retired from business.

George III was still king of England, but he was shorn of the brightest jewel in his Empire. The son of the Boston candle maker was his conqueror. There is nothing imperial about the victor's departure from the field. Little Benny Bache is picking up around the rooms at Passy. The horses are sold, the boxes fastened and Dr. Franklin is writing another letter to Polly. Even more than he wanted her to come to France he hopes that she will decide to come to America. He does not try persuasion, but how persuasive he was!

Passy, June 26, 1785.

Dear Friend,

I wrote to you the 5th of last month, and have since received your kind letter of the 8th, informing me of your welfare, and that of the dear children, which gave me great pleasure. I shall long to see you all again in America, where I hope to be soon. Almost all my things are now packed up, and will be in the barge next Wednesday, to

go down the river; for, though I know not yet what vessel I shall go in, I would have everything at Havre ready to embark; and I suppose I shall not be here myself a fortnight longer.

I say nothing to persuade you to go with me or to follow me; because I know you do not usually act from persuasion, but from judgment; and, as that is very sound, I leave you to yourself. You will do what is best for you and yours, and that will give me most pleasure. Miss Lamotte's friends do not consent to her going to England. I enclose her letter, by which you will see, that, tho' she speaks the language prettily, she does not write it correctly. Indeed, abundance of the French are deficient in their own orthography. I offered her, as you desir'd, the money that might be necessary for the journey.

Temple is not yet quite well, having had several returns of his ague. Benjamin continues hearty, and has been very serviceable in packing. They both present their respects.

If you should write me a line before my departure, direct it to Havre de Grace. Adieu, my very dear friend, and believe me ever yours with sincere and great affection.

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. My love to every one of the children.

Passy, July 4, 1785.

Dear Friend,

By this post I have given orders to engage a fine ship, now at London, to carry me and my fam-

ily to Philadelphia. My baggage is already on the Seine, going down to Havre, from whence, if the captain cannot call for us there, we shall cross the channel, and meet him at Cowes, in the Isle of Wright. The ship has a large, convenient cabin, with good lodging-places. The whole to be at my disposition, and there is plenty of room for you and yours. You may never have so good an opportunity of passing to America, if it is your intention. Think of it, and take your resolution; believing me ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Love to the dear children. If Mr. Williams is return'd to London, he will inform you of the particulars. If not, you may enquire of Wallace, Johnson, and Muir, Merchants, London, to be heard of at the Pensilvania Coffee-House, Birchin Lane. The ship is to be at Cowes the 1st of August.

Dr. Franklin's malady, the stone, made a journey to be the cause of not a little apprehension. He must get down to the coast with as little jarring as possible. The Queen saw to that. He was carried the whole distance in one of her luxurious litters borne by two large Spanish mules. In his baggage there was a memento given him by King Louis, a picture of his majesty encircled by four hundred and eight diamonds, worth ten thousand dollars.

They crossed to Southampton to await the ship. Many English friends came to say good-by. Wil-

liam Franklin came and saw his father for the first time in ten years and the last in his lifetime. But where was Polly?

She did not come. There must have been some reason. She sent him a letter there but we do not have it. Maybe she had some sturdy English objection to accepting the free passage for herself and family that he had offered. More likely she had not made her decision. It was not easy to make. The delay cast no shadow on his steady affection for her.

Southampton, July 26, 1785.

Dear Friend,

I received here yours of the 23rd instant. I am sorry it did not suit you to go in the ship with me, having engaged places in the cabin, that would have accommodated you and yours, not indeed on your account, because I never depended on your going; but I took the whole cabin, that I might not be intruded on by any accidental disagreeable company.

If you come to Philadelphia, you will find an always affectionate friend in me, and in my children after I am gone. My love to yours, and to Dolly; and my respects to Mrs. Hawkesworth. I came to Havre de Grace in a litter, and hither in the packet-boat; and, instead of being hurt by the journey or voyage, I really find myself very much better, not having suffer'd so little for the time these two years past.

Adieu, my dear friend; accept my repeated

thanks for the agreeable winter your kind company, with that of my young friends, made me pass, and believe me ever yours sincerely and most affectionately.

B. FRANKLIN.

Philad^a, Oct. 30, 1785.

I received my dear friend's letter of July 23, at Southampton, where I arrived the 24th, and staid till the 28th. I believe I acquainted you by a line, immediately after my arrival here, that we had a pleasant, and not a long passage, in which there was but one day, a day of violent storm, in which I was glad you were not with us. I had the happiness of finding my family well, and of being very kindly received by my country folks.

I say nothing to persuade your coming, because I said in a former letter, I would leave you entirely to your own judgment, which is very good. I would only mention a fact, that on enquiry I am inform'd the usual apprentice-fee given to a mercantile house of eminence, is from 100 to £150 sterling. I am plung'd again into public business, as deep as ever; and can now only add my love to the dear children, in which this family all join. Temple is just gone to look at his lands, and Ben is at college to compleat his studies. I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

So Franklin comes home. The prophet this time was in honor in his own country and the man

a hero to his valet. Philadelphia and indeed the whole country received him with warmth and not a little rapturous eulogy.

The "public business" that he was at once plunged into was the presidency of the Colony of Pennsylvania. The weight of his character for a time extinguished most factional divisions, so the office was pleasant. He entered on the twilight of his life in quietness and surrounded with honor and affection.

Sarah Bache had seven lovely children; another was born two years later. Franklin's health was surprisingly good, his fortune ample for his needs and many considerable gifts to colleges, etc.

He added a wing to his house, enlarged his library and garden and enjoyed every moment of his life, with his books, experiments, flowers, family and friends.

What a day it must have been when he found those ten year old letters from Polly.

Philadelphia, May 6, 1786.

My dear Friend,

A long winter has past, and I have not had the pleasure of a line from you, acquainting me with your and your children's welfare, since I left England. I suppose you have been in Yorkshire, out of the way and knowledge of opportunities; for I will not think that you have forgotten me.

To make me some amends, I received a few days past a large packet from Mr. Williams, dated September, 1776, near ten years since, containing three letters from you, one of December

12, 1775. This packet had been received by Mr. Bache, after my departure for France, lay dormant among his papers during all my absence, and has just now broke out upon me, *like words*, that had been, as somebody says, *congealed in northern air*. Therein I find all the pleasing little family history of your children; how William had begun to spell, overcoming, by strength of memory, all the difficulty occasioned by the common wretched alphabet, while you were convinced of the utility of our new one; how Tom, genius-like, struck out new paths, and, relinquishing the old names of the letters, called U *bell*, and P *bottle*; how Eliza began to grow jolly, that is, fat and handsome, resembling aunt Rooke, whom I used to call *my lovely*. Together with all the *then* news of lady Blount's having produced at length a boy; of Dolly's being well, and of poor good Catherine's decease; of your affairs with Muir and Atkinson, and of their contract for feeding the fish in the channel; of the Vyns and their jaunt to Cambridge in the long carriage; of Dolly's journey to Wales with Mrs. Scott; of the Wilkeses, the Pearces, Elphinstones, &c.,—concluding with a kind of promise, that, as soon as the ministry and Congress agreed to make peace, I should have you with me in America. That peace has been some time made; but, alas! the promise is not yet fulfilled.

I have found my family here in health, good circumstances, and well respected by their fellow citizens. The companions of my youth are indeed almost all departed, but I find an agreeable so-

ciety among their children and grandchildren. I have public business enough to preserve me from *ennui*, and private amusement besides in conversation, books, my garden, and *cribbage*. Considering our well-furnished, plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine, in the midst of which my house stands, into grass plots and gravel walks, with trees and flowering shrubs. Cards we sometimes play here, in long winter evenings; but it is as they play at chess, not for money, but for honour, or the pleasure of beating one another. This will not be quite a novelty to you, as you may remember we played together in that manner during the winter at Passy. I have indeed now and then a little compunction in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve men, whispering, "*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*" So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favour of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game.

As to public amusements, we have neither plays nor operas, but we had yesterday a kind of oratorio, as you will see by the enclosed paper; and we have assemblies, balls, and concerts, besides little parties at one another's houses, in which there is sometimes dancing, and frequently good music; so that we jog on in life as pleasantly as you do in England; anywhere but in London, for there you have plays performed by good actors. That,

however, is, I think, the only advantage London has over Philadelphia.

Temple has turned his thoughts to agriculture, which he pursues ardently, being in possession of a fine farm, that his father lately conveyed to him. Ben is finishing his studies at college, and continues to behave as well as when you knew him, so that I think he will make you a good son. His younger brothers and sisters are also promising, appearing to have good tempers and dispositions, as well as good constitutions. As to myself, I think my general health and spirits rather better than when you saw me. The particular malady I then complained of continues tolerable. With sincere and very great esteem, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. My children and grandchildren join with me in best wishes for you and yours. My love to my godson, to Eliza, and to honest Tom. They will all find agreeable companions here. Love to Dolly, and tell her she will do well to come with you.

CHAPTER XIV
POLLY BECOMES AN AMERICAN

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POLLY BECOMES AN AMERICAN

"You now seem inclined to come over," he writes about three weeks later. The long period of balancing advantages for her family in England or America was ended. Polly had decided that she was so much "an American at heart" that she wanted to be one all over.

Dr. Franklin's policy of non-intervention in her decision had finally won. He had let her persuade herself. Magnets he knew a good deal about. Did he know that there was a magnet in Philadelphia that would finally draw her across the ocean?

Polly arrived with her children in the summer of 1786, so she and her "dear, dear friend" had more than three full years of neighborly friendship before he went into that sleep from which as he said, "we shall wake refreshed in the morning."

Their gain is our loss for to us the story now ends. We can see them sitting in the garden that he had caused to be laid out beside his house, or playing at cribbage or chess in the library on the long winter evenings.

What great days they had lived through! What a variety of pages they had to fill up. We can hear his searching and quizzical questions about the minute happenings in London from '76 to

'81, the gossip of Parliament, the stories in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the visitors at Craven Street. How often she must have laughed at his experiences among the French or opened wide her blue English eyes as she heard about the shaky moments that the American affairs more than once passed through in Paris.

William Hewson, her oldest son, got himself established at Bristol, about thirty miles up the river. Thomas Tickel was at the University of Pennsylvania, laying the foundations for the splendid medical career that he was to have. Little Eliza was running errands for her mother or entertaining her "Grandfather Doctor" with her "cheerful prattle."

One more little note we have. It is about a business matter. Dr. Franklin was keeping his promise to see her and her family affairs wisely and safely settled in the new country.

And now can we leave them without going too far into the closing scenes. The curtain came down gradually. His malady increased, he had a good deal of pain the last two years. Polly frequently sat by his bed. At intervals between pain he was his same old vivacious self, quoting poetry and making shrewd comments on the book she was reading to him.

There too were the children of Sarah and Richard Bache and the grandchildren. It was a philosopher's death, actually in the spirit of the words of his last letter to George Whitfield. "That being who gave me existence and thro' almost three score years has been showering his favors upon

me . . . can I doubt that he loves me? And if he loves me, can I doubt that he will go on to take care of me not only here but hereafter?"

Polly herself did not long outlive him. She died at Bristol five years later.

Philad^a, May 30, 1786.

Dear Polly,

I have just received your kind letter of April 2, which made me some amends for your long silence. By the last ship from hence I wrote to you acknowledging the receipt of some very old letters, when I was sorry I could mention none of later date. I have, however, no right to complain, being so bad a correspondent myself. But my last was a long one, and I hope you have receiv'd it.

You seem now inclin'd to come over, if you could meet with a captain, that you know and like. We mention'd it to Captain Falkener. He goes no more to sea, but strongly recommends Capt. Willet, who carries this letter, as a good man and excellent seaman. His ship is the *Harmony*, which lately brought over Mr. and Mrs. Bingham. Mr. Williams will hardly, I doubt, be with you in time this year to assist in your embarkation; but, if you apply to Messrs. Johnson and Company, American merchants, to whom I write, I am persuaded they will make the bargain for you, and assist you with their advice in every circumstance.

Temple, who presents his respects, has, however, no hopes of your coming. He says you were so long irresolute and wavering about the journey

to Paris, that he thinks it unlikely you will decide firmly to make the voyage of America.

I enclose a truer state of affairs in our country, than your public prints will afford you, and I pray "God guide you."

This family are all well, and join in love to you and yours with your affectionate

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. Capt. Willet is to leave London on his return about the 1st of August. Your *son* Ben, and all this family, join in the hope of your resolving to come over.

Dear Sir:

I received last night by Mr Bache £177.10 cur. for the bill of exchange for 100£ ster^g and I signed the other two bills you sent. The rain prevented my going out today or I should have been with you to consult about putting out to interest at least £100 and the rest I shall place in the bank to draw for as I want it. I reckoned upon fair weather or I should have told this to Mr B. last night, but I find American skies are as variable as the English, so I shall give up the expectation of finding anything constant in either hemisphere except a few friendships, and I hope among them will ever be that between you and your affectionate

MARY HEWSON.

Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1787.

CHAPTER XV
FRANKLIN VISITS THE SHIPLEYS

CHAPTER XV

FRANKLIN VISITS THE SHIPLEYS

The traveler who leaves his steamer at Southampton and steps aboard a comfortable and fast express to London covers in a couple of hours the same route that consumed a long day in the time of stage coaches.

He may not notice the little village of Twyford just two miles before coming to Winchester. Yet events were furthered at Twyford that will outlive the lovely cathedral town and its Gothic treasure.

On a lovely summer morning in 1771 a post chaise is drawn up at the door of a great brick mansion house at Twyford. Four girls are laughing and bustling about saying farewell to their little sister and the round-figured middle-aged man who is to be her traveling companion.

The fine, erect figure of the father of these girls is clothed in rigidly correct ecclesiastic garb, gaiters and all. For he is Bishop Jonathan Shipley; the handsome and aristocratic looking woman at his side is Mrs. Shipley. The four girls, laughing and hatless as they call out farewells, are Anna Maria, twenty-three years old, Amelia, nineteen, Elizabeth, seventeen, Georgiana, fifteen.

The little sister, Catherine ("Kitty"), eleven years old, is going up to London to school. She

is making the journey with an American gentleman who has been a guest at Twyford house for the past three weeks.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten journey for Kitty. This Dr. Benjamin Franklin was such a nice man to talk to even if he was older than her Bishop father. As for the American gentleman, one suspects that he had an even better time than Kitty.

Not many hostesses have received so delightful a bread-and-butter letter as Mrs. Shipley after that three weeks' visit at Twyford.

London, Aug. 12, 1771.

Dear Madam,

This is just to let you know that we arriv'd safe and well in Marlborough Street, about six, where I deliver'd up my charge.

The above seems too short for a letter; so I will lengthen it by a little account of our journey. The first stage we were rather pensive. I tri'd several topics of conversation, but none of them would hold. But after breakfast we began to recover spirits, & had a good deal of chat. Will you hear some of it?

We talk'd of her brother, & she wish'd he was married. And don't you wish your sisters married too? Yes. All but Emily; I would not have her married. Why? Because I can't spare her, I can't part with her. The rest may marry as soon as they please, so they do but get good husbands. We then took upon us to consider . . . [mutilated] what sort of husbands would be fitted for every one of them.



JONATHAN SHIPLEY D.D.

BISHOP OF S^c ASAPH.

BISHOP SHIPLEY BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

We began with Georgiana. She thought a country gentleman, that lov'd travelling & would take her with him, that lov'd books & would hear her read to him; I added, that had a good estate & was a member of Parliament & lov'd to see an experiment now & then. This she agreed to; so we set him down for Georgiana, and went on to Betsy.

Betsy, says I, seems of a sweet mild temper, and if we should give her a country squire, and he should happen to be of a rough, passionate turn, & be angry now & then, it might break her heart. O, none of 'em must be so; for then they would not be good husbands. To make sure of this point, however, for Betsey, shall we give her a bishop? O no, that won't do. They all declare against the Church, and against the Army; not one of them will marry either a clergyman or an officer; that they are resolv'd upon. What can be their reason for that? Why you know, that when a clergyman or an officer dies, the income goes with 'em; & then what is there to maintain the family? There's the point. Then suppose we give her a good, honest, sensible city merchant who will love her dearly and is very rich? I don't know but that may do.

We proceeded to Emily, her dear Emily, I was afraid we should hardly find any thing good enough for Emily; but at last, after first settling that, if she did marry, Kitty was to live a good deal with her; we agreed that as Emily was very handsome we might expect an Earl for her. So having fix'd her, as I thought, a countess, we went on to Anna Maria.

She, says Kitty, should have a rich man that has a large family and a great many things to take care of; for she is very good at managing, helps my Mama very much, can look over bills, and order all sorts of family business. Very well; and as there is a grace & dignity in her manner that would become the station, what do you think of giving her a Duke? O no! I'll have the Duke for Emily. You may give the Earl to Anna Maria if you please: but Emily shall have the Duke. I contested this matter some time; but at length was forc'd to give up the point, leave Emily in possession of the Duke, & content myself with the Earl for Anna Maria.

And now what shall we do for Kitty? We have forgot her, all this time. Well, & what will you do for her? I suppose that tho' the rest have resolv'd against the Army, she may not yet have made so rash a resolution. Yes, but she has; unless, now an old one, an old General that has done fighting, and is rich, such a one as General Rufane; I like him a good deal. You must know I like an old man, indeed I do and somehow or other all the old men take to me; all that come to our house like me better than my other sisters. I go to 'em and ask 'em how they do & they like it mightily; and the maids take notice of it, and say when they see an old man come, there's a friend of yours, Miss Kitty. But then as you like an old General, hadn't you better take him while he's a young officer, and let him grow old upon your hands, because then, you'll like him better & better every year as he grows older &

older. No, that won't do. He must be an old man of 70 or 80, and take me when I am about 30. And then, you know, I may be a rich young widow.

* * * * *

Then we chatted on, & she was very entertaining quite to town.

I have now made my letter as much too long as it was at first too short. The Bishop would think it too trifling, therefore don't show it to him. I am afraid too that you will think it so, & have a good mind not to send it. Only it tells you Kitty is well at school, & for that I let it go. My love to the whole amiable family, best respects to the Bishop, & 1000 thanks for all your kindnesses, and for the happy days I enjoyed at Twyford. With the greatest esteem & respect, I am, Madam,

Your most obed^t hum^b Serv^t

B. FRANKLIN.

(From the original in a private library.)

That summer visit with the Shipleys at Twyford house was productive of lasting results. One of them was the beginning of his "Autobiography." One can imagine just how it was done. Here is a conventional English aristocratic family. Father of liberal and scholarly tastes, children talented, animated, and enquiring. They have as their guest a man known all over the world for his scientific discoveries. Electricity—the idea was oceanic in its possibilities.

English people of that class were invariably in-

terested in "family." What was Dr. Franklin's family? To the everlasting credit of the Shipleys they loved him none the less that he began life as a tallow candler's fifteenth child, was a runaway printer's apprentice, and all the rest. This made him all the more wonderful and they urged him to write down the story of his life. He began to do it during that very visit. The room where he wrote was ever afterward known as his.

We owe it to the Shipleys, therefore, that the "Autobiography" was begun when it was. It is too bad that it was never finished. He wrote that summer at Twyford about half of it as it now is.

How they did enjoy sitting in the garden in the lovely Hampshire late afternoon having tea, while Dr. Franklin read what he had written that day about his youthful adventures, failures, and successes.

Another result of that visit was that Jonathan Shipley, a bishop with a seat, a voice and a vote in the House of Lords, came to understand what America was, its people, their temper and ideals. He became not only a friend of the North American Colonies, but an informed friend. All of which bore fruit as we shall see.

The intimate acquaintance with the Bishop's family began some time before this particularly eventful visit. Earlier that very summer in June Dr. Franklin had been at Twyford for a week. He had sent a book to Georgiana "as a small mark of my regard for her philosophic genius" and "a specimen of dry'd apples for Mrs. Shipley."

Franklin had a good time at Twyford. One can tell it by the way he wrote about it to his wife.

"I spent three weeks in Hampshire at my friend the Bishop of St. Asaph's. The Bishop's lady knows what children and grandchildren I have, their ages, etc. So when I was to come away on Monday the 12th in the morning, she insisted on my staying that one day longer, that we might together keep my grandson's birthday. At dinner, among other nice things, we had a floating island, which they always particularly have on the birthdays of any of their own six children; who were all but one at table, where there was also a clergyman's widow now above 100 years old. The chief toast of the day was Master Benjamin Bache, which the venerable old lady began in a bumper of mountain. The Bishop's lady politely added, *and that he may be as good a man as his grandfather*. I said I hop'd he would be *much better*. The Bishop, still more complaisant than his lady, said, 'We will compound the matter, and be contented if he should not prove quite so good.' This chitchat is to yourself only, in return for some of yours about your grandson, and must only be read to Sally, and not spoken of to anybody else; for you know how people add and alter silly stories that they hear, and make them appear ten times more silly."

If people were able and could draw him out, Franklin would sparkle with clever speeches or letters. If they were dull, he was apt to be silent. Several groups of people in England reported that

the famous American conversationalist and wit, Dr. Franklin, sat quietly through all their entertainment.

Georgiana was the genius among the five Shipley sisters. She must have shown it in more ways than her knack for the sciences that Dr. Franklin rewarded with the gift of a book.

He gave her once a gray squirrel. Mrs. Franklin had sent him several from America. Georgiana thought a good deal of hers—an imported gray squirrel. The poor little beast met an untimely fate, which Dr. Franklin reported to the original exporter, his wife.

"The fine, large gray squirrel you sent, who was a great favorite in the Bishop's family, is dead. He had got out of his cage in the country, rambled, and was rambling over a common three miles from home, when he met a man and a dog. The dog pursuing him, he fled to the man for protection; running up to his shoulder, who shook him off, and set the dog on him, thinking him to be, as he said afterward, some varment or other. So poor Mungo, as his mistress called him, died. To amuse you a little, and nobody out of your own house, I enclosed you the little correspondence between her and me on the melancholy occasion. Skugg, you must know is a common name by which all squirrels are called here as all cats are called puss. Miss Georgiana is the Bishop's youngest daughter but one. There are five in all. Mungo was buried in the garden, and the enclosed epitaph put on his monument. So much for squirrels."

What the young girl wrote on that melancholy occasion we do not know for that letter was not kept. What Dr. Franklin wrote is this:

London, Sept. 26, 1772.

Dear Miss,

I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor MUNGO. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honour of being, for his virtues, your favourite, he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

EPITAPH

Alas! poor *Mungo*!
 Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
 Thy own felicity.
 Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
 Tyrant of thy native woods,
 Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
 Nor from the murdering gun
 Of the thoughtless sportsman.
 Safe in thy wired castle,
 Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
 Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
 By the fair hand of an indulgent mistress;
 But, discontented,
 Thou wouldst have more freedom.

“MY DEAR GIRL”

Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton, cruel *Ranger!*

Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels or daughters,
That apparent restraint may be real protection;
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent
and proper this broken style is, than if we were to
say, by way of epitaph,

Here *Skugg*
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

and yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of
so little feeling as to think that this would be a
good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to suc-
ceed him; but perhaps you will now choose some
other amusement.

Remember me affectionately to all the good
family, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate friend,
B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER XVI
GEORGIANA WRITES AN ENEMY

CHAPTER XVI

GEORGIANA WRITES AN ENEMY

Bishop Shipley's conviction that his country was not following the course of wisdom and justice with the American colonies amounted to more than table talk. About eighteen months after that eventful visit of Franklin's at Twyford, he preached a sermon before the Society for the the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This was a very important occasion. The convocation was held in St. Mary-le-Bow. There were present of course many of the leaders in ecclesiastical circles. The Lord Bishop Jonathan Shipley openly criticized the policy of government in regard to the North American colonies. It seems a bit odd that only a hundred and fifty years ago Massachusetts was under consideration as a field of operation for an English foreign missionary society.

The sermon did not fall on cold ears. It got a vote of thanks and was ordered to be printed. Printed it was and Franklin saw to it that it was reprinted by the thousand in those "foreign parts"—Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

It helped the cause but it didn't help the Lord Bishop. It cost him the appointment of Archbishop of Canterbury. King George III was not giving any plums to gentlemen who interfered with his schemes.

A study of the Bishop's features reveals good humor, but not much in the way of timidity. That sermon in St. Mary-le-Bow was only the first barrel. The second was loaded with heavier shot. A year later he voted against the bill to punish Massachusetts by amending her charter. He did more than vote. He printed his opinions about it in the form of a speech that he did not deliver. There is not much use in wasting a good speech on the House of Lords where the vote is all settled beforehand. This vote and printed speech did not further endear the Bishop to his Majesty. It did to Dr. Franklin. There was only one other Bishop in England who stood with Shipley, Hinchcliff of Peterborough.

The lovely garden and the walks about Twyford did not see much of Dr. Franklin as time went on. He was kept on the sharp move in London. The contention with the Colonies was approaching the crash that drove him home early in '75.

How much correspondence was kept up we do not know. There must have been some interchanges.

The war was well under way. Georgiana was a young lady of twenty-one. She undoubtedly felt rather wicked to send a letter to an official enemy of her country. But he was her friend. All her family loved the good and great Dr. Franklin. When a chance offered to send a letter across the channel she could not resist it in spite of her father's advice. The letter was directed to *Mons, Monsieur Francis, chez M. de Chaumont, a Passy,*



GEORGIANA SHIPLEY

pres de Paris. Dr. Franklin had evidently conveyed to them that letters so addressed would reach him.

This letter must have warmed Dr. Franklin's heart. Georgiana's impulsive affection was so genuine. He must have been interested to learn that the subject of that speculative talk in the post chaise with Kitty had begun to work out in real life. One of the girls, Emily, was now married. They had decided on a Duke for her. She had substituted an untitled Mr. Soper who seemed to satisfy everybody.

London, February the 11th, 1777.

After near two years had passed without my hearing anything from you, and while I looked upon the renewal of our correspondence as a very unlikely event, it is easier to conceive than express the joy I felt at receiving your last kind letter. The certainty that you are in good health and spirits, and that you still remember your English friends, is the greatest pleasure we can know during your absence.

How good you were to send me your direction; but I fear I must not make use of it as often as I could wish, since my father says it will not be prudent to write in the present position of affairs. I am not of an age to be so very prudent, and the only thought that occurred to me was your suspecting that my silence proceeded from other motives. I could not support the idea of your believing that I love and esteem you less than I did some few years ago. I therefore write this once

without my father's knowledge. You are the first man who ever received a private letter from me, and in this instance, I feel that my intentions justify my conduct. But I must entreat that you will take no notice of my writing when next I have the happiness of hearing from you.

You say you are interested in whatever relates to this family. My father, I think, was never better than he is at present, both as to his health and spirits. My mother has not been so well this last summer, but I flatter myself that she has now perfectly recovered her late indisposition. Emily has only one daughter, a charming little girl near fifteen months old, whom her aunts reckon a prodigy of sense and beauty. The rest of my sisters continue *in statu quo*; whether this proceeds from the men being difficult or from their being difficult, I leave you to determine.

I often see many of your good friends; need I add you are the favorite subject of our conversation? They all love you almost as much as I do—as much I will not allow to be possible. Dr. P. made me extremely happy last winter by giving me a print of my excellent friend. It is certainly very like you, altho' it wants the addition of your own hair to make it complete; but as it is I prize it infinitely now the dear original is absent.

Pray have you met with Smith's "Wealth of Nations"? If not, I venture strongly to recommend it to you. I have read only parts, but propose shortly to read it regularly through. His sentiments are liberal and the language clear and interesting. This is the only book that has been

published lately worth mentioning, except Gibbon's "History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is written in a pleasing, elegant manner; his scheme is to unite ancient and modern history, an immense work which I wish he may have application to accomplish. I have been at length fortunate enough to procure "The Economics," which I have read with great attention, as indeed everything else I can meet with relative to Socrates, for I fancy I can discover in each trait of that admirable man's character a strong resemblance between him and my much-loved friend,—the same clearness of judgment, the same uprightness of intention, and the same superior understanding.

I dined lately with Sir Wm. Hamilton; he gave me an account of a new electrical machine invented in Italy. It is composed of beeswax, a plate of metal, and a plate of glass. They are able to take a spark from it at ten inches distance, but he could not inform me why these bodies united to produce this effect. Were you in England, how happy should I be to have this as well as many other things explained by you; but I don't allow myself to entertain hopes on this subject, as I much fear there is no reason to flatter myself with so pleasing an idea. Envy is reckoned one of the foibles of our sex. Till lately I thought I was exempt from it, but now I find a strong inclination to envy your grandson the having it in his power to shew you any kindness and attention.

Did my family know of my writing, my letter would scarce contain the very many things they

would desire me to say for them. They continue to admire and love you as much as they did formerly, nor can any time or event in the least change their sentiments.

My paper now reminds me that it is high time for me to conclude. Assure yourself that every good wish for your happiness and prosperity attends you from this house. *Adieu, mon cher Socrate, conservez vous pour l'amour de moi, et pour mille autres raisons, plus importants. Je ne vous en dirai pas d'avantage pour aujourd'hui, mais je veux esperer de vous entretien plus à mon aise avant quie soit longue.*

Pray write whenever a safe conveyance offers. Since the receiving of letters is reckoned very different from answering them, I must once more repeat, nobody knows of this scrawl. "A word to the wise," as Richard says.

Of all the six children of Bishop Jonathan Shipley, Georgiana, the fourth daughter, was the genius, and as so often happens to the lovable and talented, the most varied in the fortunes of life.

She rivaled in beauty her cousin Georgiana, the Duchess of Devonshire. Our Georgiana's fate was greatly influenced by her titled cousin, who always intended for her good. It was Georgiana the Duchess who set aside the ridiculous hoop skirts and introduced a simpler and more beautiful style. Her native beauty, charm of person and conversation were developed by friendship with Dr. Johnson and men in high place in the nation.

Georgiana Shipley had possibly even more gifts.

A constant visitor at their London house was Sir Joshua Reynolds, under whose guidance she developed her native ability for drawing. Franklin was always attracted by novelty and skill, never by mediocrity. He particularly inquires if she is keeping up the art that she had started with so much promise. She had also the advantage of direction in the matter of languages, from Sir William Jones, the linguist and Orientalist, later the husband of Anna Maria.

In the course of time Georgiana wrote and read Latin and Greek as readily as English. She was equally at home in all Continental languages so that her friendship and correspondence was sought after by eminent persons throughout Europe.

Her affections were strong and generous and to no one outside her family was she so devoted as to Dr. Franklin.

Her next letter refers to her brother William, the Bishop's only son. William took orders after leaving Oxford and was appointed Dean of his father's cathedral of St. Asaph in Wales.

The Bishop's palace at St. Asaph was an undesirable place to live in so Dr. Shipley did not spend above a month there during the year. The rest of the year was divided between Twyford, Chilbolton and London.

William relieved his father of many responsibilities in the Welsh see. His marriage with Miss Yonge made finances easy for him. His record was not remarkable; he was a rollicking, hunting, amiable, wealthy cleric.

Georgiana's next letter was sent to Passy where

Dr. Franklin was engaged in furthering for the fifth year relentless war on her country. She does not seem to worry about it much.

Bolton Street, March 17th, 1779.

It is long, very long since I had the happiness of receiving a line from my dear Doctor Franklin. How often have I regreted the necessary interruption of a correspondence, from whence I derived so much *pleasure* & advantage. An opportunity now offers of conveying a letter to you which I have not *prudence* sufficient to resist, particularly as I have lately heard of your being confin'd with the gout. I hope, my dear Sir, you take all imaginable care of yourself; indeed you ought, when you reflect that the happiness of many depends upon the preservation of a life so valuable. Nor shall I feel satisfied till I receive an account of your perfect recovery, for even your slightest indisposition must alarm a family by whom you are so sincerely respected & beloved. I believe a day seldom passes without our mentioning our excellent friend, & I may truly say I never am so well pleased as when I am in company with those who know & esteem you as much as we do.

We have left Jermyn Street some time, & my father has bought an house on the corner of Bolton Street which belonged to the late Mr Howe. Perhaps you may recollect it; if so, you will be sensible we have changed much for the best in every respect. This summer we propose spending at Twyford. Never shall I forget the happy days



SIR WILLIAM JONES

we passed there, in happier times, when you were so good as to visit us.

I continue as fond of reading as I was when you knew me first; neither have I neglected my drawing. If I had an opportunity I would send you another, that you might yourself judge of my improvement. As for electricity, I fear I have made no great progress now my instructor has left me. However, I have learnt some new experiments, & likewise performed some *wonderfull* cures.

But now I must say something concerning the rest of my family. My father & mother are both remarkably well, & in no respect altered since you saw them. Amelia continues my *only* married sister; she has but one child, a sweet tempered, lovely little girl, just three years old, whom all our family adore. My brother has married a Miss Yonge, a very amiable, pleasing young woman, & heiress to a large fortune. They live entirely in Wales & also have one child, a fine little boy about four months old. I am sure you will be pleased with this account of your friends; indeed it was never more necessary than at this period to look for happiness at home & even there how rarely is it to be met with.

Mr Vaughan is so obliging as to undertake to send this letter to you & I wish you may be able to convey an answer through his hands. I cannot be so unreasonable as to expect you should write to me yourself, who must have so much important business to transact, but if you will permit your grand-son to send a few lines merely to assure us

of your recovery, it will give the greatest satisfaction to a family who feel themselves warmly interested in your health & welfare.

Adieu my dear Sir, that every respect & blessing you so justly deserve may constantly attend you, is the sincere wish of

Y^r much obliged & affectionate

GEORGIANA SHIPLEY.

(From the original in the possession of the American Philosophical Society.)

When the eleven year old "Kitty" was picking husbands for her sisters, Anna Maria was assigned an Earl. She fell in love with a Mr. Jones, a handsome young tutor in the family of her cousin, Lady Spencer of Althorpe.

He proceeded to make himself worthy of her by fitting himself for a high post in India. He was master of eight languages—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit. He could read eight others with the aid of a dictionary—Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindu, Turkish. Twelve others he read a little less perfectly—twenty-eight in all.

In 1783 his services in Oriental literature won him Knighthood and a post as Judge in Bengal, whereupon he claimed Anna Maria for his bride.

In addition to his stupendous abilities, Sir William Jones was a most admirable and lovable personality and entirely worthy of Anna Maria's affections. He was carrier for the next letter that Dr. Franklin sent to Georgiana.

Passy, Oct. 8, 1780.

It is long, very long, my dear Friend, since I had the great pleasure of hearing from you, and receiving any of your very pleasing letters. But it is my fault. I have long omitted my part of the correspondence. Those who love to receive letters should write letters. I wish I could safely promise an amendment of that fault. But, besides the indolence attending age, and growing upon us with it, my time is engross'd by too much business; and I have too many inducements to postpone doing, what I feel I ought to do for my own sake, and what I can never resolve to omit entirely.

Your translations from Horace, as far as I can judge of poetry and translations, are very good. That of the *Quo, quo ruitis?* is so suitable to the times, that the conclusion, (in your version) seems to threaten like a prophecy,¹ and methinks there is at least some appearance of danger that it may be fulfilled. I am unhappily an enemy, yet I think there has been enough of blood spilt, and I wish what is left in the veins of that once lov'd people, may be spared by a peace solid and everlasting.

It is a great while since I have heard anything of the good Bishop. Strange, that so simple a character should sufficiently distinguish one of that sacred body! *Donnez-moi de ses nouvelles.* I have been some time flatter'd with the expectation of seeing the countenance of that most honoured and ever beloved friend, delineated by your

¹ Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
Scelensque fraternae necis,
Ut inmerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor. Carmen VII

pencil. The portrait is said to have been long on the way, but is not yet arriv'd; nor can I hear where it is.

Indolent as I have confess'd myself to be, I could not, you see, miss this good and safe opportunity of sending you a few lines, with my best wishes for your happiness, and that of the whole dear and amiable family in whose sweet society I have spent so many happy hours. Mr. Jones tells me, he shall have a pleasure in being the bearer of my letter, of which I make no doubt. I learn from him, that to your drawing, and music, and painting, and poetry, and Latin, you have added a proficiency in chess; so that you are, as the French say, *tout plein de talens*. May they and you fall to the lot of one, that shall duly value them, and love you as much as I do. Adieu.

B. FRANKLIN.

The following letter is incomplete and of uncertain date. It was written to Georgiana sometime between January and May in 1781. Yorktown and the end of the war are not far off though the writers do not know that.

. . . Must now be next its end, as I have compleated my 75th year I could wish to see my dear friends of your family once more before I withdraw, but I see no prospect of enjoying that felicity. Let me at least have that of hearing from you a little oftener.

I do not understand the coldness you mention of the nights in the desert. I never before heard

of such an observation. If you have learnt what was the degree of cold and how it was observed, and what difference between the night and the day, you will oblige me by communicating it. I like to see that you retain a taste for philosophical enquiries.

I received also your very kind letter by Madame —[illegible in MS] with whom and the princess, her mother, I am much pleased; tho' I have not seen them so often as I wished, living as I do out of Paris.

I am glad to hear that you all pass'd the summer so agreeably in Wales, and I felicitate you as the French say, on the increase of your brother's family.

Accept my thanks for your friendly verses and good wishes. How many talents you possess! Painting, poetry, languages, etc., etc. All valuable, but your good heart is worth the whole.

Your mention of the summer house brings fresh to my mind all the pleasures I enjoyed in the sweet retreat at Twyford: the hours of agreeable and instructive conversation with the amiable family at table; with its father alone; the delightful walks in the gardens and neighbouring grounds. Pleasures past and gone forever! Since I have had your father's picture I am grown more covetous of the rest; every time I look at your second drawing I have regretted that you have not given to your Juno the face of Anna Maria, to Venus that of Emily or Betsey, and to Cupid that of Emily's child, as it would have cost you but little more trouble. I must, however, beg that you will

make me up a compleat set of your little profiles, which are more easily done. You formerly obliged me with that of the father, an excellent one. Let me also have that of the good mother, and of all the children. It will help me to fancy myself among you, and to enjoy more perfectly in idea, the pleasure of your society. My little fellow-traveller, the sprightly Kitty, with whose sensible prattle I was so much entertained, why does she not write to me? If Paris affords any thing that any of you wish to have, mention it. You will oblige me. It affords everything but peace! Ah! when shall we again enjoy that blessing!

Next to seeing our friends is the pleasure of hearing from them, and learning how they live. Your accounts of your journies and how you pass your summers please me much. I flatter myself you will like to know something of the same kind relating to me. I inhabit, a clean, well-built village situate on a hill, in a fine air, with a beautiful prospect, about 2 miles . . .

Dr. Franklin printed a number of amusing Bagatelles on his private press at Passy. Georgiana mentions two that he had sent her. Her comment sheds a revealing light on Franklin's conversation: "recalls to my mind those happy hours we once passed in your society, where we were never amused without learning some useful truth."

Mr. Jones is again letter carrier. He does not seem to have been afraid to cross the Channel pretty frequently in war time. Some time earlier

another Jones—John Paul, had made ocean travel around the British Isles a bit of an adventure.

London, 6 May, 1781.

Your dear, delightful letter made me most happy, particularly your account of yourself, as it proves that you are in good spirits, and pleased with your present situation. Your Dialogue with the gout is written with your own cheerful pleasantry, and *La belle et la mauvaise Jambe* recalls to my mind those happy hours we once passed in your society, where we were never amused without learning some useful truth, and where I first acquired a taste *pour la conversation badinante et réfléchie*.

It is long since I have written to my ever valued friend; but the difficulty I find in conveying my letters safe to Passy is the only motive for my silence. Strange, that I should be under the necessity of concealing from the world a correspondence, which it is the pride and glory of my heart to maintain.

We have spent three months in London, but leave it tomorrow, that we may enjoy the beauties of a late spring at Twyford. My father grows every year fonder of that peaceful retirement; having found his endeavours to serve his country ineffectual, he yields to a torrent, which it is no longer in his power to oppose. I will confess, that, although I love reading and drawing sufficiently never to want amusement in the country, yet I have some few friends in town from whom I shall part with regret. We live very little in

public, but a great deal with small private societies. They are the charm of life.

I have inquired after Mr. Small, but hitherto my inquiries have proved unsuccessful. Sir John Pringle has left London, and is gone to reside wholly in Scotland. I fear he is much straitened in his circumstances; he looks ill, and is vastly changed from what you remember him. Dr. Priestley is now on a short visit to his friends in town. I find he is settled much to his satisfaction at Birmingham, where he has the care of a pretty numerous congregation. Good Dr. Price calls on us often, and gives us hopes of a visit to Twyford. We value him no less on his own account, than for his steady attachment to our respectable friend.

The first opportunity we have of sending a parcel to Paris, you may expect all our shades. You flatter us vastly by desiring them, as well as by every expression of esteem and affection for a family who know how to value your praise. Mr. Jones has undertaken the care of this letter. I feel grateful to him for giving me an opportunity of assuring you how much I do and ever shall continue to love you.

GEORGIANA SHIPLEY.

CHAPTER XVII
A POSSIBLE EMIGRANT

CHAPTER XVII

A POSSIBLE EMIGRANT

Three years have passed when Georgiana's next letter was received by Dr. Franklin. The war that he feared, hated and prosecuted has completed its slow, bloody, eight years of progress. The Colonies have won their liberty and independence. He is still at Passy and now has completed the most difficult task of his whole life,—the treaties of peace.

Georgiana's peaceful years of ease and culture have been rudely tossed by the first waves of a stormy period.

Her affections, unstirred by the country squires about Twyford, went irrevocably to Francis Hare-Naylor, son of the Canon of Winchester. The Canon had married a second time and his wife proved an extravagant and wasteful partner. Under her influence, the father treated his son harshly and the family estates were almost ruined. Hare-Naylor himself, a handsome and talented man, had helped in the dissipation of the family fortune.

The Duchess of Devonshire favored the desperate love affair of her cousin and when Hare-Naylor's father refused to do anything for him, she settled an income of £200 upon the pair and on this they married. She also promised them a place in Ireland but this never materialized.

Not being able to live in their accustomed fashion in England, the Hare-Naylors went to the continent, spending most of their time in Italy.

For quite a while they cherished the idea of going to America to settle as the correspondence will indicate.¹

Aix la Chappelle Jan^{ry} 12th 1784.

My dear Doctor Franklin,

The kindness and indulgence you have ever shewn & which have been the chief pride of my life encourage me to trouble you on this occasion when I very much want your friendship & advice. M^r Franklin will have told you of my marriage with M^r Hare, but I had no opportunity of informing him of our future plans & it is on that subject I wish to consult you.

M^r Hare had once the prospect of possessing an exceeding good fortune, but the unkind and unjust conduct of his father, who has defrauded him of great part of the estates settled, joined to his own negligence of his affairs, have so much reduced his expectations, that we can not hope to live in England with the affluence and comforts to which we have hitherto been accustomed. We naturally, therefore, turn our thoughts to America as a safe and honorable retreat to all those who have any motives for renouncing their native country. The accounts we have hear of Pensilvania inclines us to give that colony the preference. At present we can depend on no more than £300 p^r

¹ Appendix.

ann^m and about 1000 in money; on the death of M^r Hare's father I should hope we can not fail to have at least 10, or 15,000£ to receive.

Now, my dear Doctor Franklin, I wish to know whether with such an income in present & such expectations in future, we should have a prospect of establishing ourselves with any degree of comfort in Pensilvania & which part of that province you would recommend, whether the capital, or any of the smaller towns. When we have money sufficient to make any considerable purchase, the cultivation of land is what M^r Hare would prefer, but in the interim we wish to be informed whether there is any profession a gentleman could follow in that country with a moderate prospect of gain. M^r Hare himself inclines to the study of the law, & is desirous to know whether any great knowledge of the English Law be requisite, & whether the same process is observed in your courts; also about what income a person might acquire by close application for a few years & how long he must be an inhabitant of the country, before he be admitted to practise.

It is impossible to express what I felt at quitting my beloved father and mine own dear family. It was long before I could take the resolution & my health suffered so much from the conflict, I doubt whether I shall ever recover it. It must depend on letters from England whether we go to America this spring, or the next. I wish it had been in our power to have come to Paris, but as that is impossible I flatter myself with the idea

of our meeting the other side the Atlantic. To find there a friend I so much venerate & esteem will in part console me for the absence of those dear parents I must ever regret. I beg my compliments to Mr Franklin & am dear Sir

Your very grateful & affec^{ate}

GEORGIANA HARE.

Pray direct a
Mad^{me} Hare
Aix la Chapelle

*(From the original in the possession of the
American Philosophical Society.)*

Passy, Jan. 25, 1784.

My dear friend,

Your letter of the 12th inst. came duly to hand. I congratulate you and Mr. Hare on your marriage, & wish you every felicity.

I will answer your enquiries as well as I can. The cultivators of land are a respectable part of our people in Pensilvania, being generally, proprietors of the land they cultivate, out of whom are chosen the majority of our magistrates, legislators, &c. And a year's residence gives a stranger all the rights of a citizen. I am not much acquainted with country affairs, having been always an inhabitant of cities; but I imagine a good plantation ready form'd, with a dwelling house, &c. may be bought for half the sum you mention to be now in your possession, and that the other half would amply furnish the stock, &c. necessary for working the land to advantage. A farm of two

or three hundred acres, in the hands of a man who understands agriculture and will attend to it, is capable of furnishing subsistence to a family. If this may be the case with Mr. Hare, you see that your 300 pounds a year will be an accumulating fund, providing for the establishment of children, and for a retirement of ease and comfort in old age.

The law is also an honourable profession with us, and more profitable than agriculture; and if Mr. Hare is already acquainted with the English Common Law, which is the basis of ours, he might be admitted to practice immediately, and would find but little difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of our few additions to, or variations of that law. I have known in my time several considerable estates made by that profession. But the study is dry and laborious and long, that is requisite to arrive at eminence; and if Mr. Hare has not already gone thro' it, he will consider whether he has the habits of application, industry & perseverance that are necessary.

Not knowing his character & disposition it is impossible for me to advise well, or to judge whether sitting down quietly in some cheap part of Europe, and living prudently on two-thirds of your income, may not be preferable to any scheme in America. I can only say, that if I should be there when you are, my best counsels and services will not be wanting, and to see you happily settled & prosperous there would give me infinite pleasure. But I have not yet obtained leave to go

home, and am besides in my 80th year; of course if I ever arrive there my stay can be but short.

While I do exist, wherever it is, you will find me with unalterable esteem & affection, my dear friend,

Yours most sincerely,
B. FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER XVIII
A FAREWELL VISIT

CHAPTER XVIII

A FAREWELL VISIT

Bishop Shipley, his wife, and "Kitty" had one more visit with their American friend. Dr. Franklin reached Southampton on July 26, 1785, where the ship was to call that would take him home to Philadelphia. He at once sent a note to the Shipleys at Twyford, only eight miles away, apprising them of his arrival. "The first emotion of my heart," replied the Bishop, "is to thank heaven that you are once more so near me, and that I shall have the happiness of seeing you in a few hours. Some of our good friends are come most untimely to dine with us. As soon as we are rid of them my wife and I and the only daughter that is now with us, will hasten to welcome you, and to enjoy to the last moment of your departure as much of the blessing of your conversation as we can without being tiresome. Adieu till seven or eight in the evening."

The three Shipleys arrived at Southampton and stopped at the same inn with Franklin, the Star. They breakfasted and dined together the next day. There were many other British friends there to greet him. The day following they dined together for the last time and then all put out in a shallop to the ship. Here they supped. The Shipleys accepted Captain Truxton's invitation to stay

aboard all night. But after the aged Franklin had retired, they went ashore, the Bishop feeling that he wanted to spare themselves and him the pain of taking what they knew was a last farewell. When Franklin awoke in the morning his friends had gone, and the ship was out to sea under full sail.

The autobiography had been untouched beyond what he had written at Twyford fourteen years before. He seems to have promised the Shipleys to finish it on the voyage home. But the original spur was gone. It was cast in the form of a letter to his son William, but William had deserted both him and his cause.

There had been a reconciliation, to be sure, at Southampton but father and son were never united. Benjamin Franklin had sunk his life and fortunes in the cause of the American colonies. William was an Englishman.

So the autobiography was untouched. It remained so for a long time after he reached Philadelphia. It would probably never have been touched again but for the repeated insistence of others. Languidly he finally took it up again in 1788 but never completed the story beyond his landing in England in 1757.

"Kitty" wrote Georgiana, at Vicenza, all about the Southampton encounter.

Twyford, 2 August, 1785.

My dear good Friend,

You gave me leave to write to you, and I take the first opportunity of profiting by your indul-



gence. I do assure you, we all left your ship with a heavy heart; but the taking leave was a scene we wished to save you as well as ourselves. God grant you may have a good voyage; it is our constant toast every day at dinner.

I was quite provoked with myself, when I got to Southampton, that I had not thought of something to leave with you, that might have been useful during the voyage, to remind you of me. You produced a housewife; possibly you had no pin-cushion; how happy would it have made me to have given you one. Did you ever taste the ginger cake, and think it had belonged to your fellow traveller? In short, I want some excuse for asking, whether you ever think about me.

We are for ever talking of our good friend; something is perpetually occurring to remind us of the time spent with you. We never walk in the garden, without seeing Dr. Franklin's room, and thinking of the work that was begun in it. I have sincerely wished you a good voyage, but since the completion of that work depends on its length, I cannot wish it may be short.

I had a letter from Emily the night after I got home, to inquire whether your stay at Southampton would allow time for her coming to see you. Bessy regretted much that she lost that happiness. I have written to dear Georgiana a long account of you, for I know every circumstance will be interesting to her. Indeed, my dear Sir, from my father and mother down to their youngest child, we all respect and love you. I have not sent the verses, because I intend to make them an excuse

for troubling you with another letter. Believe me,
my dear good friend, most affectionately yours,

CATHERINE LOUISA SHIPLEY.

Vicenza, August the 20th, 1785.

My dear Doctor Franklin,

I have received a letter from Twyford filled with their surprise & joy at so unexpectedly seeing you & with their regret for your quick departure. My first sensation was an emotion of discontent at not sharing in their happiness, though I do not think I ever could have supported the seeing you embark for America unless I had had hopes of soon taking the same voyage.

Mr Hare and I continue the same earnest desire of settling in that country & if you give us the least encouragement we shall probably set out early in the spring. From what my sister says, I fear you do not rightly understand our plan. We have no idea of living as farmers do either in England or America, but in the manner of a country-gentleman who lives upon a moderate income & keeps from 50^{ty} to a 100 acres in his own hands—fully satisfied if the product of the farm nearly clears the rent. I wish to know whether such a kind of plan might not be practicable in America, & a farm ready stocked with a comfortable dwelling-house upon it, may not be rented with a liberty of purchasing at the expiration of a certain term, as this would allow us time to dispose of our property in England. We also wish to know the difference between currency & sterling, and the common price of provisions in the neighborhood of

Philadelphia. What furniture would you advise us to carry with us, & do you recommend our agreeing with any laboring people to follow us. In this case what is the common engagement entered into both for men & women.

You must not judge of M^r Hare from any thing you may have heard. I assure you he is full as partial as myself to a country-life & to the sober pleasures it offers, besides which, he has a great idea, if once settled in America, that exclusive of farming, there are various pursuits which might lead to increase our income, which is at present clear 330£. Whereas in any foreign country the most we can hope is to live on the little we already possess, paying high for house-rent and cheated & imposed upon by all the natives. We are equally weary of this vagabond kind of life & wish somewhere to be permanently settled—& next to returning to my own dear country & beloved parents, it would be the greatest happiness to me to live near & under the protection of a friend I love & reverence as a second father.

Though I address this letter to you, my dear Doctor Franklin, I can not wish to give you the trouble of answering all my questions & writing as largely as may be necessary on those subjects—but I am sure M^r Franklin will have the goodness to undertake this & beg you will assure him how much pleasure M^r Hare & I propose to ourselves in future from his friendship & society. I shall be glad to know about the rent we may be expected to give for such a farm as I have already described, or whether a small house with a garden

might not easily be had in the town of Philadelphia till such time as we had an opportunity of fixing to our wishes in the country, with the rate at which they commonly lett.

Any letter addressed to my family will be forwarded safely. You will be so kind as to let me hear as soon as possible, that we may take a final determination. We are not much pleased with the little we have hitherto seen of this country & we are already impatient to leave it. God grant that I may hear my excellent friend is in good health & that he has recovered the fatigues of the voyage.

Ever respectfully & affecately yrs,

G. H.

(From the original in the possession of the American Philosophical Society.)

CHAPTER XIX
A PURSE AND A PAMPHLET

CHAPTER XIX

A PURSE AND A PAMPHLET

The three days at Southampton had stirred afresh the deeply rooted ties of genuine affection between the Shipleys and Dr. Franklin. It is Catherine, the "Kitty" of the post chaise journey, who carries the correspondence from now on.

That fall she sends him a present and reminds him of his promise to write her on "the art of procuring pleasant dreams."

Though he was disinclined to go on with the autobiography, Dr. Franklin was prompt enough in writing "Kitty's" promised bagatelle.

Chilbolton Sept^r 30th 1785.

Does it not look a little like jealousy, my dear Friend, to keep the verses 'till my purse was finish'd to send with them? I own it does, but indeed I love poor G[eorgiana] too much to be jealous of her & I would have you love her too. I think *I* love her more since I have lost her, because I miss her in a thousand little things which at the time I thought nothing of, &, besides this, the fear that she may not be happy makes me feel more interested about her.

My father's kindness & generosity to her since her marriage has by some narrow-minded people been call'd encouragement to me to act as she did.

It appears *to me* in quite a different light, & I should acknowledge myself infinitely more to blame, if, presuming on his goodness, I was again to put it to the trial. But my good friend, she has more to be said in her excuse than you may possibly know. For two years she waited the settling of Mr Hare's affairs in a state of anxiety & uncertainty that very much affected her health, and at last when she had no longer any hopes, she could not bear the giving him up to entire ruin, which she well knew must be the consequence of their separation. I believe there is no one that knows so well as myself what she suffer'd. We lay in the same room & many a sleepless night have we pass'd talking over the unhappiness of her situation. Mr Hare is universally allow'd to have a good temper & I will not doubt his attachment to Georgiana. May we not then hope that *her* good sense will influence his conduct & that things will turn out better than we at first expected.

We have lately received some large pacquets from Anna Maria, containing a good account of herself & Sir W^m Jones, but I fear it must still be several years before they return. The Slopers are now with us & a great improvement to our family party. Emily has done much better for herself than if she had married *the Duke* we allotted to her in *our journey*. Mr Sloper, with a great deal of cleverness & good-sense has a most upright & conscientious way of thinking & I firmly believe no consideration would make him act in any instance contrary to it. Bessy return'd from Cowes not much better than she went there & is still very

poorly. My dear Father and Mother are both pretty well.

You see I write you the history of all the family for I love to think you are interested about us, & indeed I have no other subject. As for politics, *je ne m'en mele point*. I am particularly for America because it is your country. The Irish make a great noise, but there is no Dr Franklin in Ireland & therefore I care not about them.

I must say a few words for the purse. The stripes you can count, but as for the white spots in the slit unless I do like a certain painter, (who when he had finish'd a picture was obliged to write upon each figure "*this is a man*," "*this is a horse*," &c) and write upon them "*these are stars*," I fear you will never guess what they are meant for.

It is now two months since we parted on board the *London Pacquet*, one month more will, I hope, bring an account of your safe arrival at Philadelphia tho' the newspapers have sent you prisoner to Algiers. Mr Williams promised to write by the first opportunity & I trust will not forget. Believe me, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,

C. L. SHIPLEY.

All the family join in every
good wish

I hope you will not forget

The art of having pleasant dreams

(From the original in the possession of the American Philosophical Society.)

Philada May 2, 1786.

My dear young Friend,

I received both your kind letters, that of Aug. 2 and that of Sept. 30 together with the (sic) charming purse of 13 stripes and stars, which you have so obligingly made for me and sent me. In return I have knit for you and send enclos'd ¹ the little piece you demanded of me. Accept it with my thanks both for the purse and our dear Georgiana's verses. I write to her by this opportunity, and to my inestimable friend your father. * * * * * My love to all, and believe me ever, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately

B. FRANKLIN.

(From the original in a private library.)

Chilbolton, Nov^r 13th, 1786.

What a charming paquet you sent us, my dear, good Friend, last May; the account of yourself & your family delighted us. I hope by this time you are released from the fatiguing part of the employment you undertook & retired to a life of leisure, which, according to Poor Richard, will still be spent in doing something useful. *I* have particularly to thank you for "The art of procuring pleasant Dreams," indeed it flatter'd me exceedingly that you should employ so much of your precious time in complying with my request, but where do you read that Methuselah slept in the

¹ The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams—Appendix.

open air? I have searched the Bible in vain to find it.

Your letter was sent to poor, dear Georgiana immediately, & I think it very probable you may see her next spring. She is now at Bologna where she has an opportunity of copying some very fine pictures. She has sent us a beautiful drawing of her little boy, done when he was about 3 months old.

We spent the summer in Wales, where my brother with his wife and five children were our near neighbours, & came here as usual, the end of August. The Slopers were with us about a month, but we are now reduc'd to a very small party. Some letters we have received lately from Anna Maria give a better account of her health than any we have had since she left England.

You have probably heard of our King's escape from an attack made by a mad woman to stab him as he was getting out of his carriage, on which occasion all his loyal subjects immediately sent him congratulatory addresses. I enclose *that* from St. Asaph knowing your friendship for the author. He found himself obliged to *write*, but it is in a very different stile from all the others.

When you see Mr Peters pray make our compliments to him, he was so good as to give us some information about the price of provision, &c at Philadelphia which we thought might be of use to Georgiana.

My Father & Mother are both pretty well; they desire their love & my Father bids me say he will

write to you very soon; remember us to both your grandsons. Believe me

My dear Friend,

Affectionately yrs,

C. L. SHIPLEY.

I have had the dear lock of hair
that was cut off on board the *London*
Pacquet, set in a bracelet locket

The St. Asaph Address

We, the Bishop, the Deen & Chapter & Clergy of the Diocese of St. Asaph, beg leave, with the most sincere & loyal humility, to congratulate your Majesty on your late deliverance from the knife of the Assassin. When such dangers are sometimes permitted to threaten the greatest of the Sons of Men, we are authorized by Scripture, to regard them as the awful admonitions of Providence to consider the importance of their duty & the uncertainty of the time allotted to fulfil it. May your Majesty's mind be always duly impress'd with a religious sense of those virtues & publick services which the highest of all human stations requires at your hands. May you always possess those powers of mind & that enlarged & active benevolence which are requisite to preside with wisdom over a people that once was virtuous & is still generous, brave & enlighten'd. In offering up these prayers we depart not from our character as blameless Ministers of the Gospel, & we wish to enrich your Majesty with greater blessings than is in the power of flattery to invent. We wish

you the glory, the virtue, & the heavenly prerogative of making a great people happy under a mild & uncorruptable government, & we include in these wishes, as their natural consequences, the lasting security & splendour of your royal house & that warm attachment & fidelity in your people which only the sense of their own happiness can inspire, & may that happiness every day increase by a general imitation of those amiable domestic virtues of which your Majesty & your royal Consort have given the world so fair an example.

(From the original in the possession of the American Philosophical Society.)

Two more letters and the story closes. The "Good Bishop" came to his end after a long life, during which, almost alone of his class, he had bravely opposed his king on behalf of America. He was seventy-four, Franklin was eight years older and now greatly enfeebled. He had never ceased in his regard for this man who simply because it was right lifted his voice before the powers of his nation on behalf of the oppressed Colonies. He had done so at his own risk and paid somewhat dearly for his courage. Their love was mutual and deep and lasted to the end.

Bolton Street, 24 December, 1788.

My dear Friend,

It is a great while since I wrote to you, and still longer since I heard from you; but I have now a particular pleasure in writing to one, who had

long known and loved the dear good parent I have lost. You will probably, before you receive this, have heard of my father's death; his illness was short, and terminated in an apoplexy. He was seldom perfectly in his senses for the last four days, but such constant calmness and composure could only have attended the deathbed of a truly good man. How unlike the ideas I had formed to myself of death, which, till now, I had only seen at a distance, and heard of with terror. The nearer his last moment approached, the more his ideas seemed elevated; and, but for those whom living he had loved with tenderness, and dying he still felt interested for, he showed no regret at leaving this world. I believe his many virtues have called down a blessing on his family, for we have all been supported under this severe affliction beyond what I could have imagined; and, though sorrow will for a time get the better of every other sensation, I feel now that the strongest impression left by his death is the desire of imitating his virtues in an humbler sphere of life.

My dear mother's health, I hope, will not have suffered materially; and she has every consolation to be derived from the reflection, that, for forty-five years, it was the study of her life to make the best of husbands happy. He, in return, has shown that his attention to her ease and comfort did not end with his life. He was happily preserved to us so long as to be able to leave all his family in good circumstances. I fancy that mother, Bessy, and I, shall live at Twyford, but at present no place is settled.

May I flatter myself, that you will still feel some affection for the family of your good old friend, and let me have the happiness of hearing it from yourself? I shall request Dr. Price to send this letter. My mother, brother, and sisters, beg to be all most kindly remembered. Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful and obliged

CATHERINE LOUISA SHIPLEY.

Philadelphia, 27 April, 1789.

It is only a few days since the kind letter of my dear young friend, dated December 24th, came to my hands. I had before, in the public papers, met with the afflicting news that letter contained. That excellent man has then left us! His departure is a loss, not to his family and friends only, but to his nation, and to the world; for he was intent on doing good, had wisdom to devise the means, and talents to promote them. His "Sermon before the Society for Propagating the Gospel," and his "Speech intended to have been spoken," are proofs of his ability as well as his humanity. Had his counsels in those pieces been attended to by the ministers, how much bloodshed might have been prevented, and how much expense and disgrace to the nation avoided!

Your reflections on the constant calmness and composure attending his death are very sensible. Such instances seem to show, that the good sometimes enjoy in dying a foretaste of the happy state they are about to enter.

According to the course of years, I should have quitted this world long before him. I shall how-

ever not be long in following. I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and the last year has considerably enfeebled me; so that I hardly expect to remain another. You will then, my dear friend, consider this as probably the last line to be received from me, and as a taking leave. Present my best and most sincere respects to your good mother, and love to the rest of the family, to whom I wish all happiness; and believe me to be, while I do live, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

APPENDIX

THE ART OF PROCURING PLEASANT DREAMS

APPENDIX

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*(Inscribed to Miss [Shipley], Being Written
at Her Request)*

As a great part of our life is spent in sleep during which we have sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful dreams, it becomes of some consequence to obtain the one kind and avoid the other; for whether real or imaginary, pain is pain and pleasure is pleasure. If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If while we sleep we can have any pleasing dream, it is, as the French say, *autant de gagné*, so much added to the pleasure of life.

To this end it is, in the first place, necessary to be careful in preserving health, by due exercise and great temperance; for, in sickness, the imagination is disturbed, and disagreeable, sometimes terrible, ideas are apt to present themselves. Exercise should precede meals, not immediately follow them; the first promotes, the latter, unless moderate, obstructs digestion. If, after exercise, we feed sparingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably. Sleep, when it follows, will be natural and undisturbed; while indolence, with full feeding, occasions night-

mares and horrors inexpressible; we fall from precipices, are assaulted by wild beasts, murderers, and demons, and experience every variety of distress. Observe, however, that the quantities of food and exercise are relative things; those who move much may, and indeed ought to eat more; those who use little exercise should eat little. In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires. Suppers are not bad, if we have not dined; but restless nights naturally follow hearty suppers after full dinners. Indeed, as there is a difference in constitutions, some rest well after these meals; it costs them only a frightful dream and an apoplexy, after which they sleep till doomsday. Nothing is more common in the newspapers, than instances of people who, after eating a hearty supper, are found dead abed in the morning.

Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of fresh air in your bed-chamber. It has been a great mistake, the sleeping in rooms exactly closed, and in beds surrounded by curtains. No outward air that may come in to you is so unwholesome as the unchanged air, often breathed, of a close chamber. As boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape; so living bodies do not putrefy, if the particles, so fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and the lungs, and in a free, open air they are carried off; but in a close room we receive them again and again, though they become more

and more corrupt. A number of persons crowded into a small room thus spoil the air in a few minutes, and even render it mortal, as in the Black Hole at Calcutta. A single person is said to spoil only a gallon of air per minute, and therefore requires a longer time to spoil a chamber-full; but it is done, however, in proportion, and many putrid disorders hence have their origin. It is recorded of Methusalem, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for, when he had lived five hundred years, an angel said to him: "Arise, Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live yet five hundred years longer." But Methusalem answered, and said, "If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house; I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do." Physicians, after having for ages contended that the sick should not be indulged with fresh air, have at length discovered that it may do them good. It is therefore to be hoped, that they may in time discover likewise, that it is not hurtful to those who are in health, and that we may be then cured of the *aërophobia*, that at present distresses weak minds, and makes them choose to be stifled and poisoned, rather than leave open the window of a bed-chamber, or put down the glass of a coach.

Confined air, when saturated with perspirable matter, will not receive more; and that matter must remain in our bodies, and occasion diseases; but it gives some previous notice of its being about to be hurtful, by producing certain uneasiness,

slight indeed at first, which as with regard to the lungs is a trifling sensation, and to the pores of the skin a kind of restlessness, which is difficult to describe, and few that feel it know the cause of it. But we may recollect, that sometimes on waking in the night, we have, if warmly covered, found it difficult to get asleep again. We turn often without finding repose in any position. This fidgettiness (to use a vulgar expression for want of a better) is occasioned wholly by an uneasiness in the skin, owing to the retention of the perspirable matter—the bed-clothes having received their quantity, and, being saturated, refusing to take any more. To become sensible of this by an experiment, let a person keep his position in the bed, but throw off the bed-clothes, and suffer fresh air to approach the part uncovered of his body; he will then feel that part suddenly refreshed; for the air will immediately relieve the skin, by receiving, licking up, and carrying off, the load of perspirable matter that incommoded it. For every portion of cool air that approaches the warm skin, in receiving its part of that vapour, receives therewith a degree of heat that rarefies and renders it lighter, when it will be pushed away with its burthen, by cooler and therefore heavier fresh air, which for a moment supplies its place, and then, being likewise changed and warmed, gives way to a succeeding quantity. This is the order of nature, to prevent animals being infected by their own perspiration. He will now be sensible of the difference between the part exposed to the air and that which, remaining sunk in the bed, denies the

air access; for this part now manifests its uneasiness more distinctly by the comparison, and the seat of the uneasiness is more plainly perceived than when the whole surface of the body was affected by it.

Here, then, is one great and general cause of unpleasing dreams. For when the body is uneasy, the mind will be disturbed by it, and disagreeable ideas of various kinds will in sleep be the natural consequences. The remedies, preventive and curative, follow:

1. By eating moderately (as before advised for health's sake) less perspirable matter is produced in a given time; hence the bed-clothes receive it longer before they are saturated, and we may therefore sleep longer before we are made uneasy by their refusing to receive any more.

2. By using thinner and more porous bed-clothes, which will suffer the perspirable matter more easily to pass through them, we are less incommoded, such being longer tolerable.

3. When you are awakened by this uneasiness, and find you cannot easily sleep again, get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well, with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber till your skin has had time to discharge its load, which it will do sooner as the air may be dried and colder. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant. All the scenes presented to your

fancy will be too of the pleasing kind. I am often as agreeably entertained with them, as by the scenery of an opera. If you happen to be too indolent to get out of bed, you may, instead of it, lift up your bed-clothes with one arm and leg, so as to draw in a good deal of fresh air, and by letting them fall force it out again. This, repeated twenty times, will so clear them of the perspirable matter they have imbibed, as to permit your sleeping well for some time afterwards. But this latter method is not equal to the former.

Those who do not love trouble, and can afford to have two beds, will find luxury in rising, when they wake in a hot bed, and going into the cool one. Such shifting of beds would also be of great service to persons ill of a fever, as it refreshes and frequently procures sleep. A very large bed, that will admit a removal so distant from the first situation as to be cool and sweet, may in a degree answer the same end.

One or two observations more will conclude this little piece. Care must be taken, when you lie down, to dispose your pillow so as to suit your manner of placing your head, and to be perfectly easy; then place your limbs so as not to bear inconveniently hard upon one another, as, for instance, the joints of your ankles; for, though a bad position may at first give but little pain and be hardly noticed, yet a continuance will render it less tolerable, and the uneasiness may come on while you are asleep, and disturb your imagination. These are the rules of the art. But, though they will generally prove effectual in producing the end in-

tended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. I need not mention the case to you, my dear friend, but my account of the art would be imperfect without it. The case is, when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams has not taken care to preserve, what is necessary above all things,

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

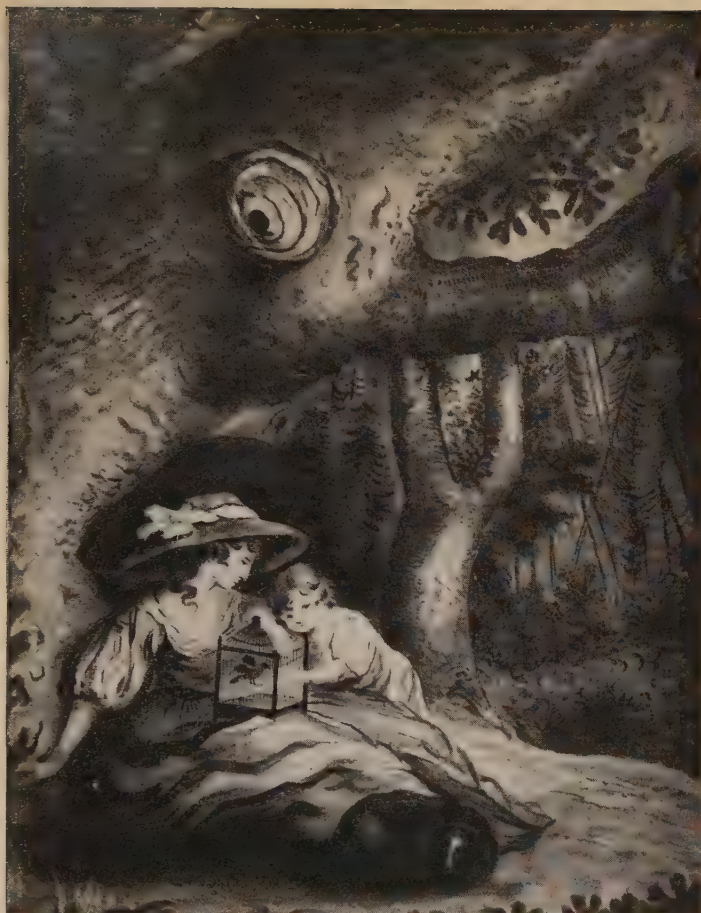
(Sketch of the story of the Hare-Naylors from the Dictionary of National Biography.)

Francis Hare-Naylor had a small fortune from his mother, and, being unhappy at home, lived almost entirely in London, where he formed an intimate friendship with Fox, and, himself handsome and witty, became one of the brilliant circle which gathered around Georgiana Cavendish, duchess of Devonshire at Chiswick. By her he was introduced to her beautiful cousin, Georgiana, fourth daughter of Jonathan Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph, by his wife, Anna Maria Mordaunt, niece of the famous Earl of Peterborough. Georgiana Shipley was accomplished in modern languages, had studied classics with her father, had been petted by Benjamin Franklin, had learnt painting in Reynolds's studio, and was a general favourite for her conversational powers upon all subjects. Her eldest sister, wife of Sir William Jones, the famous orientalist, had just sailed for India when she made the acquaintance of Hare-Naylor. The Duchess of Devonshire never lost an opportunity of throwing them together, and

Bishop Shipley was at last persuaded to invite him to Twyford. The following day he was arrested for debt while driving in the episcopal coach with Georgiana and her parents. He was then forbidden the house, but disguised himself as a beggar and met her while driving with her family. Her recognition of him produced a crisis. His father refused to do anything for Hare, but the Duchess of Devonshire gave the pair an annuity of two hundred a year, and on this they married. They went to Carlsruhe, and afterwards to the north of Italy. Here their four sons, Francis, Augustus, Julius and Marcus, were born, and here Mrs. Hare-Naylor devoted herself to painting, the family eventually settling at Bologna, to which an agreeable literary society was attracted by the university. With Clotilda Tambroni, at that time the famous female professor of Greek, Mrs. Hare-Naylor formed a devoted friendship.

In 1797 Hare's father died, and it was found that his intention of leaving everything to his second wife was frustrated by her having built her new house of Hurstmonceaux Place upon entailed land. The Hare-Naylors therefore set off for England, leaving three of their children in the care of Clotilda Tambroni and Father Emmanuele Aponte, an old Spanish priest, and appointing the famous Mezzofanti tutor of their eldest son, who at eleven years old learnt to read the deepest Greek books, and to write Greek epigrams upon his step-grandmother.

The Hare-Naylors settled at Hurstmonceaux, and for years were engaged in reconciling residence in a large and expensive house with an ever-



GEORGIANA SHIPLEY (MRS. HARE-NAYLOR) AND HER SON

diminishing income. Hare-Naylor's vehement democratic principles made enemies and lost friends. He indignantly rejected, as aristocratic, the distinction of a baronetcy. From 1799 (when the Hare-Naylors went to Italy to fetch home their children) life became an increasing struggle with the requirements of an impoverished estate. Hare-Naylor wrote plays, "The Mirror" and "The Age of Chivalry," which were rejected at Drury Lane. In 1801 he published his "History of the Helvetic Republics," in two volumes, which was also a severe disappointment, though it passed into a second enlarged edition. Misfortune soured his temper, and his family was only saved from great privations by the intervention and help of the now widowed Lady Jones.

In 1803 Mrs. Hare-Naylor began a large series of pictures representing Hurstmonceaux Castle as it appeared before the destruction. She finished her work, but the minute application seriously affected her health, and brought on total blindness in her forty-eighth year. In the following year the Hare-Naylors left Hurstmonceaux for ever, and went to reside at Weimar, attracted partly by its famous literary society, but more by the kind friendship of the reigning duchess, who paid daily visits to the blind lady. Whilst at Weimar, Hare-Naylor published the very dull novel of "Theodore, or the Enthusiast," for which Flaxman, whose sister had been his children's governess, and who had already executed many portraits of the family, made a beautiful series of illustrations. On Easter Sunday, 1806, Georgiana Hare-Naylor died at Lausanne.

Mic. D.



